

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1887.

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¹ *Handbook of the History of Philosophy.* By Dr. Stöckl. Part I. Translated by T. A. Finlay, S.J., M.A., F.R.U.I. Dublin : Gill and Son.

designed for the treatment of purely philosophical problems. But questions of considerable importance, when the solution accepted is made to form a link in a coherent system embracing both philosophy and theology, may be relatively of small interest when looked at from a purely philosophical position. As a consequence, discussions, which although possessing great dignity in their theological aspects, are relatively insignificant to the purely secular student, often usurp many pages of the Latin manuals, while urgent philosophical difficulties are altogether ignored. The space of handbooks is, in truth, like all created things, finite: the room devoted to one point has to be subtracted from another, and the result is frequently that where considerable energy has been expended in demolishing some false doctrine held by a few writers within the Church fifty years ago, or possibly possessed of a good deal of prestige in the thirteenth century, dangerous errors, enjoying immense popularity at the present day, receive scarcely any explicit notice at all. It is this which is at the root of the defect often felt by the Catholic student, who has conquered the linguistic obstacles of the Latin Manual. He finds frequently that, after a diligent and careful study of even the best scholastic manuals, he can gather but little directly bearing on many questions much discussed by English writers, and the correct solution of which may involve consequences of serious gravity. In this respect the modern Catholic text-books published in French, German, Italian, and Spanish, are commonly much more useful to the layman. They are written especially for the use of secular students. They devote less space to semi-theological discussions, and consequently they have more room for the treatment of modern difficulties of a purely philosophical character. Still we think that the translation of even the best modern handbooks in the special branches of metaphysics, would satisfy our wants but very imperfectly. Our reason for this opinion is, that every writer naturally devotes himself more particularly to the examination and refutation of views, specially prominent and specially dangerous in his own country. The types of error, however prevalent at the same time in different countries, may be very dissimilar in kind. Thus, at the end of the last century materialism was rampant in France, idealism was in the ascendant in Germany, while here at home, whatever of speculation existed at all, was confined almost entirely to the Scotch common-sense school. Con-

sequently the text-book best adapted at that time for the Catholic student, in each of these three nations, would require quite a different distribution of its space in the treatment of the same questions. Among the most useful modern text-books at the present day are those of Dr. Gutberlet, yet, though in some points the difficulties current in Germany are identical with those in this country, the English student would feel that many English forms of philosophical heresy receive but scant treatment, while German types of error, that seem to him not very attractive, are discussed at great length. The ideal English text-book, then, while laying down a clear exposition of positive Catholic doctrine, should aim, as it seems to us, at giving the student a fair comprehension of the chief deficiencies in the leading systems in vogue in this country, together with as complete a solution of the difficulties urged by the most popular philosophical authors, as the limited space of a manual, and the nature of the subject, can afford. Although to the German or Italian writer the objections of Bain, Maudsley, Huxley, and Spencer seem puerile and insignificant, a satisfactory solution of them is of the very first importance to the educated English youth.

To one great department of philosophical literature what we have been hitherto saying does not apply. The history of philosophy is cosmopolitan, not national, and a good history for any one nation ought to be at least a fair history for every other. The political and social life of one great country may run on for centuries comparatively little affected by that of another, but an original thinker, or an important philosophical movement, in any nation, soon begins to exhibit an influence throughout the entire speculative world. For better or for worse, the principle of international free trade has always ruled in the creations of human thought. No system of protection yet devised has been effective against the importation of speculative ideas. Accordingly, we find the philosophical life of each nation intimately bound up with that of the rest of the world, and a good history of philosophy will assign an importance, proportionate to their general influence, to the thinkers of all countries and of all times. Since, therefore, such an excellent work as Stöckl's *Handbook of the History of Philosophy* already exists, we deem it very judicious of Father Finlay to offer a translation to English speaking-students, although translations of foreign text-books on Logic, Psycho-

logy, or Ethics would satisfy but inadequately our present needs. We will not in this review speak of the peculiar fitness of the translator for the work he has undertaken. The advantages of a complete command of the two languages, and of a perfect appreciation both of the mind of his author, and of the thinkers criticized by his author, are conspicuous on every page of the book. We will, however, say a few words about the great German Catholic historian, with whom some of our readers may not be acquainted.

Dr. Stöckl ranks very high, not merely within the Church, but amongst speculative thinkers generally, for his profound erudition and acute philosophical penetration. Together with the command of a clear style, he possesses a singular ability to grasp the essential features of the various systems which he dissects, and he is endowed in an eminent degree with the art—not too common among German metaphysicians—of making his treatment both interesting and intelligible. He has written a learned work on the history of the philosophy of the middle ages, and he has recently published an excellent history of modern philosophy, in two volumes. The work, however, the translation of which Father Finlay has undertaken, is Stöckl's *Handbook of the History of Philosophy*. It is now in the third edition, and contains about eight hundred pages, covering the entire history of philosophy. The work consists of three parts, the philosophy of antiquity, that of the middle ages, and modern philosophy. The part so far completed by Father Finlay is the first, Ancient Philosophy, reaching down to St. Augustine. It contains a fairly complete account of the various Oriental systems of speculation which flourished in China, India, and Persia, a detailed exposition of the leading Greek schools from Thales to Epicurus, and a very interesting account of the Græco-Oriental movement, together with the writings of the early Fathers of the Church. The special excellence of Dr. Stöckl as a historian, which consists in grasping thoroughly and giving a clear sketch of the leading features of his author, comes out most forcibly in the fine essays on Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, and St. Augustine. A comparison of these sketches with the corresponding passages in Ueberweg, or any of the other histories which we possess, will exhibit in a striking manner the superiority of the great Catholic historian.

The three works in most common use in this country are probably those of Ueberweg, Schwegler, and Lewes. The first

is undoubtedly an able and profound work, but the style and method of exposition are very repulsive. There is little attempt made to render the systems described intelligible to the reader, and none to make them interesting. As a consequence, though much used as a work of reference, probably the book has never yet been read right through by any student. In addition to these defects there is, for the Catholic reader, the grave disadvantage of having to depend on a non-Christian historian for the explanation and interpretation of Catholic philosophers, on points of the utmost importance to the faith. The single fact that Ueberweg classes our Lord and His Divine teaching along with the crowd of erroneous systems invented by the erring mind of man, disqualifies his book as a fitting manual for the Christian student. Utterly unlike Ueberweg's work in many respects is that of G. H. Lewes. It is clear, intelligible, and interesting. In direct contrast to the German production, it is connected and readable throughout, but it is keen irony to call it a history. The book is simply a romance, founded indeed upon fact, but none the less a romance. The writer makes scarcely any attempt to describe the systems of speculation which have, as a matter of fact, succeeded each other in the world. His object, frankly enough admitted, is to put forward a case for his own creed of Positivism. Consequently, whatever he finds in the past which seems to support his favourite doctrine, is grossly, often absurdly over-estimated, while opponents are described as unimportant, or completely ignored. The writer who, in a work professing to be a history of philosophy, can seriously allot over forty pages to Gall and nearly one hundred to Comte, while he can spare only twenty pages for Leibnitz, exhibits a perfectly phenomenal incapacity for the perception of the ludicrous. That he should assign a page and a half to Albertus Magnus, and three lines to St. Thomas, follows as a matter of course. The third and probably the most widely used manual is Schwegler's *History*, translated by Dr. Stirling. This work is more interesting than that of Ueberweg, and approximates more towards fulfilling the functions of a history than Lewes' volumes, but still it is extremely defective. The proneness to misty language and cloudy thought, so prevalent among non-Catholic metaphysicians in Germany, frequently manifests itself. The enthusiastic student must, we fear, be impressed rather than enlightened by the definition of philosophy as "the thought totality of the

empirical finite." A work, too, which deliberately omits all treatment of the scholastic philosophy is a sadly abortive attempt at a history. Finally, the rationalistic bias against Catholic writers, with him, just as with Ueberweg, is only less obnoxious than the aggressive anti-Christian spirit which pervades Lewes.

To the Catholic student, or professor, who was confined to such materials as these, Father Finlay's translation of Stöckl's *Lehrbuch*, is a very welcome boon. Coming after Ueberweg, Erdman, Zeller, Sigwart, and Ritter, Dr. Stöckl accepts and readily acknowledges whatever he finds of value in their works. He is thus able to give a table of the literature on each philosopher, more elaborate even than that furnished by Ueberweg, and in all the details, which go to make such a book complete, he has equalled, if not surpassed, the most carefully compiled of previous histories. Father Finlay's translation is throughout an easy, but faithful, rendering of the original. The style is thoroughly English, and were we not informed by the title-page, we would never suppose the work to be a translation. Nevertheless, wherever we have compared the English with the German, Father Finlay appears to us to have succeeded in giving very exact expression to the thought of the great Catholic historian. There is, however, one little point which affords us an opportunity for fault-finding. We allude to the absence of a table of contents. This defect can of course be easily remedied in a later edition, and probably the intention of the translator is to place the table of contents for the whole work at the end of the second volume. Still we think such a plan not quite satisfactory. We hope that when the translation is completed it will, for the convenience of students, be issued in a single volume, but in the interval there would be a great advantage in having each volume complete in itself. The value of any book for the use of students is always greatly increased by a well-arranged index and table of contents, but this is especially true of compositions of a historical character. Such a work is practically an encyclopedia, and should always be supplemented by an index or a table of contents, that will, when any question arises, enable the reader to find at once all which the book contains on the subject. To be compelled to go to another volume for such a table, would also be often inconvenient, sometimes impossible. However, the defect is one very easily remedied, and possibly the reason of our laying so

much stress on it is the inability we experience of finding anything else to blame in the work.

There is another point on which we would wish to make a suggestion, and we believe that if the translator can see his way to carry it out, it might prove of great utility to Catholic students. In addition to this Handbook on the entire history of Philosophy, Dr. Stöckl has, as we have already mentioned, published a few years since an excellent history of modern philosophy in two volumes. This work is practically an enlargement of the last part of the Handbook which Father Finlay is engaged in translating. It discusses at considerable length, and with great power, all the leading philosophical movements since the Reformation. It possesses, moreover, the advantage of being the fruit of Dr. Stöckl's final and matured judgment on modern philosophy, and contains his most elaborate examination of those fertile streams of error which have deluged the speculative world during the last three hundred years. Its chapters on Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and other British thinkers, are of immense value, and contain far more matter than the corresponding passages of the Handbook. Now our recommendation is, that, if there is no immediate prospect of having this magnificent work itself translated, Father Finlay, when he reaches the modern part, should take the account of at least the British writers from this last composition. We believe that Dr. Stöckl would readily agree to such an arrangement, and it would have the great advantage of affording the English reader a collection of elaborate critical essays on the systems of those thinkers who are most important to him, by, perhaps, the most erudite of Catholic philosophers now living.

Finally, we venture to express a hope that Father Finlay may, before completing his work, include a contribution of his own on the latest developments of British thought, from Hamilton and Mill, to Spencer and Green. In most other translations of the kind a similar course is adopted. The English version of Ueberweg's history contains a considerable addition, which indeed, we must admit, is in parts anything but an improvement. In Schwegler's manual also, there is a large appendix by the English translator. In the case of Dr. Stöckl's Handbook, we think this course would be peculiarly advantageous to the Catholic reader in this country, for although the German work contains excellent articles on British writers down to Dugald Stewart, the later phases of English

philosophy are treated very briefly. This deficiency in a complete history for the Catholic student, would, we feel certain, be completely removed by a final chapter from Father Finlay's skilful pen, and we should then be in possession of an admirable specimen of the most important of philosophical textbooks. Whatever course, however, may commend itself to him, we rejoice to be able to congratulate him on having put us in possession of a most valuable work.

M. MAHER.

The Blood of St. Januarius.

IT is some fifty years since a celebrated Neapolitan mathematician, named Nicolas Tergola, in a paper that at the time made a great sensation among scientific men, after giving an account of the martyrdom of St. Januarius in the year 313 of our era, described at some length the extraordinary phenomenon of the various changes which the blood of the Martyr undergoes, returning however always to the form it ordinarily assumes. This phenomenon I am going to describe as best I can after a detailed personal scrutiny, and I shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

The blood of the Martyr is contained in a thin, reddish-coloured glass phial, pear-shaped, and surmounted by a tube hermetically sealed, and fixed in a reliquary having on both its sides a transparent crystal plate inclosing it.

The liquefaction of the blood takes place at three several periods in the year, viz., seventeen times in the beginning of May, the anniversary of the removal of the remains of the Saint, eight times in September during the octave of his feast, and once on the 16th of December, the day of his feast as Patron of Naples.

The question before us is how it happens that the solid substance which fills two-thirds of a phial, hermetically closed and impenetrable to chemical agents, and which cannot be tampered with from outside, on being brought to face, at some distance, with the head of the Saint, is turned into a fluid as liquid as water, retaining at one time the same volume, and, at another, increasing so as to fill up the phial completely. That the liquefaction takes place is a fact as startling as it is indisputable, it having been witnessed by thousands in every station of life, whether learned or ignorant, Christians or unbelievers, Catholics or heretics and schismatics from every country, French, English, Germans, Spaniards, and for succes-

sive centuries by the most intelligent portion of the Neapolitan community.

Are we to believe that this phenomenon is a supernatural fact, a miracle, as Catholics contend it is, or is it to be attributed to any physical influences brought to bear upon it, as, for instance, the effect of light, or of the heat of wax candles that burn on or near the altar where the liquefaction takes place?

The scientific investigation of the circumstances attending this extraordinary event had never been attempted till an eminent Neapolitan chemist named De Luca, himself an unbeliever, having made up his mind to have the problem solved, directed one of his colleagues, Signor de Punzo, to undertake the task of making certain experiments with a view of comparing them with the phenomena exhibited by the substance said to be the blood of St. Januarius.

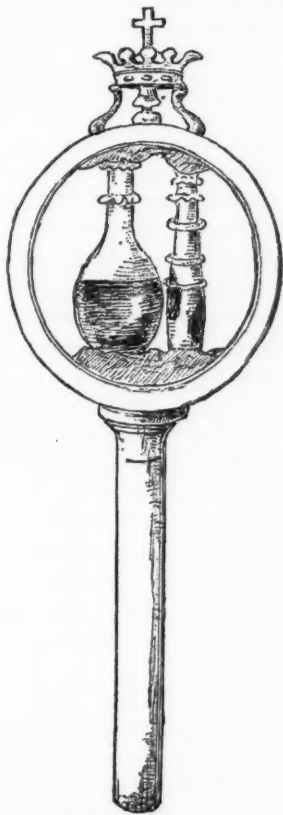
But before proceeding to narrate the result of the experiments and the circumstances under which the fact of the liquefaction takes place, a short description of the apparatus and its accessories is necessary.

Behind the altar of the Chapel of St. Januarius in the Cathedral of Naples, there is a shrine divided in two compartments, having each of them a metal door with two locks. There are consequently four keys, two of which are kept at the Archbishop's Palace, and two at the *Deputazione del Tesoro*. Twice a year, in May and September, a delegate from the Archbishop's Palace, and one from the *Deputazione del Tesoro*, meet in the presence of the chaplain and of other witnesses to open the doors of the shrine with the keys entrusted to their respective keeping.

On the right-hand side of the compartment stands the silver bust of St. Januarius; on the left stands a metal pedestal about 2 ft. 6 in. high, supporting in its centre the reliquary, consisting of two round sheet glasses, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, set in a silver ring, equally circular, and cemented $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. apart from one another. The lower part of the frame, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, has a cylindrical rod, 8 in. long, made to fit into a hollow in the middle of the pedestal. This rod also serves as a handle when the reliquary is carried round the church. The frame is surmounted by an ornament of the same metal, somewhat similar to a crown, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. high, bearing a cross in its centre.

The whole is hermetically closed and soldered.

The reliquary contains two glass phials, the shape of which points evidently to their being of ancient make. They are fastened to the reliquary top and bottom with a whitish cement, and the upper part is so concealed by the cement and the frame that it is not possible to make out how they are closed up.



The smallest of the two is cylindrical, and has on its inner sides a few reddish stains of no great size. The larger one is pear-shaped, flattened on two sides, and looks as if it were capable of holding about $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of distilled water. This contains an opaque, hard substance, the colour of roasted coffee, which fills two-thirds of it. The phial stands within half an inch of the glass sides of the reliquary.

At the commencement of the ceremony the priest removes

the reliquary from its stand, and turns it upside down to show that the substance contained in the phial has not changed its position. Then, followed by an attendant carrying a lighted taper, he passes before the congregation and proceeds to lay it on the altar, reversing it as he goes from time to time that everybody may see the immobility of the substance. While the prayers are being said, the contents of the phial are seen to detach, of a sudden, from its sides, and to obey the movements of the hand as any other liquid would do. The central part at first remains solid until, by degrees, the whole mass is converted into a liquid as thick as honey, opaque, alike in colour to the substance in a hard state, and leaving no trace on the sides of the phial whenever the latter is moved about or shaken.

At this stage of the ceremony the reliquary is carried in procession in the church, to be kissed by the by-standers, after which it is put on its stand again, and brought back, together with the bust of the Saint, to the place where the relic is exposed until the evening.

At nine o'clock both the bust of the Saint and the reliquary are shut up again in the shrine wherefrom they had been removed in the morning. At this moment, the substance is still in a liquid state, with, however, the remarkable peculiarity that it adheres to the sides of the phial, and presents an appearance like jelly, and when it is closely examined through the glass, it is found to be of a brownish-yellow colour veined with red stripes in different parts. One would be inclined to say that the substance is not the same as the one exhibited in the morning.

A daily and personal attendance at the performance of the phenomenon during the *fêtes* of May and September has enabled me to bear reliable testimony to the following details.

Sometimes the substance only liquefies, without any alteration in its bulk; at other times, besides the liquefaction, we see on the surface of the liquid, and near the sides of the phial a quantity of small bubbles, quite colourless and as big as peas. Sometimes these bubbles are very numerous, and when collected together form a froth which, ordinarily, lasts till night. It often happens that a bigger bubble, which is semicircular, consistent, and as opaque as the rest of the mass, is formed in the centre and on the surface of the substance.

During the *fête* of May, 1879, when I was present, the

volume of the substance increased continuously every day, so that the phial was full on the last day, and was in that state shut up in the shrine.

On the morning of the 1st of September *fêtes*, the phial was still full when taken out of the shrine, but the substance became liquefied again within a couple of hours, and resumed its ordinary volume during the rest of the octave.

The time within which the liquefaction takes place is never the same. Sometimes the substance becomes liquefied in a few minutes, some other in about two hours and a half. The temperature inside the shrine was found to be always identical with that of the chapel, which varied only a degree centigrade with that of the church. But there was no corresponding variation between these different temperatures and the phenomenon. For instance, on September 19, 1879, the substance liquefied after two and a half hours in an atmosphere of 30° centigrade; on the 21st, it liquefied in about six minutes in an atmosphere of 27°; and on the 25th, after thirteen minutes, in an atmosphere of 25°.

The two glasses of the reliquary enclosing the phial are flat on the inside as well as on the outside, as is proved by the apparent sameness in the form of the phials when the reliquary is turned upside-down. The feeling produced on one's lips when they are brought in contact with the glass, is the same, as regards the temperature, as that which would have been produced by any other kind of glass vessel. The metallic parts of the reliquary, when touched, marked no difference in the temperature at any time.

The accuracy of the above observations being indisputable, let us try and explain how the reported fact can be produced.

Heat.—The hypothesis of a substance melting at a low temperature might possibly be admitted if the phenomenon consisted merely in the liquefaction, and if the point at issue rested on an experiment made a number of times with a tube containing a substance composed of greasy matters mixed with volatile fluids which liquefy at temperatures below 30°; but on the tube containing the mixture being enclosed in another glass vessel so as to leave a small distance between the outside of the tube and the inside of the glass vessel, as is precisely the case with this phial hermetically enclosed as it is in the reliquary, the liquefaction could only take place by exposing it to a very high degree of heat, the experiments of the celebrated Melloni

having proved, beyond contest, the impenetrability of glass to the rays of heat produced by focusses of low temperature.

The large number of times, one after another, that the reliquary is kissed, can have no effect on it, partially owing to their being frequently interrupted, and more so from glass being a bad conductor of heat; besides, the kissing of the vessel never commences before the substance it contains is completely liquefied.

The wax light held by the priest better to exhibit the contents of the reliquary, can have no influence on the phenomenon, because it is always being moved about, and at some distance from the reliquary. The surface of the glass-plates enclosing the phial being flat (which causes the rays of heat to be divergent instead of being convergent) is an additional obstacle to the wax light producing any sort of difference of temperature, and as regards the wax lights on the altars, they are too far off to make their action felt.

Can it be that the substance becomes solid by the lowering of the temperature in the shrine, and liquefies again in the chapel the temperature of which is higher? Unfortunately for this supposition, the temperature of the shrine and chapel are exactly the same. Is it possible, again, for the chaplain who carries the reliquary to let in an amount of heat, by some mysteriously hidden apparatus? In this case, he must contrive a communication with the reliquary by some means or other, as, for instance, a metallic wire, if it be an electric current, or a tube to let the hot air in. Even then it would be necessary that one or other of these should penetrate inside the reliquary and act on the phial on all points at the same time. Because we must not forget that the substance, during its liquefaction, detaches itself completely from the inside of the phial. Besides, the supposed contrivances could not fail to be seen by all the by-standers, especially when the reliquary is turned upside-down by the priest.

There is still another ingenious theory of the sceptics. Let us examine what the effect would be, if the inside of the reliquary was connected, at one of its extremities, with two tubes concealed in the metallic frame-work, and containing different fluids which in uniting into fluid would raise the temperature so as to melt the substance in the phial, just as concentrated sulphuric acid and water by their union develop a very considerable warmth.

If this were so, these liquids would produce the desired effect but once, and as the reliquary is hermetically fastened, and would have to be opened every time to insert the liquids, the action of this mixture upon the phial would be easily detected, as the metallic frame would be the first to get heated. This factitious increase of heat would gradually subside during the time the reliquary is exhibited, and the substance would very soon become solid again at night.

The hypothesis of using dissolvents is equally inadmissible, because (1) the mixture would be seen swimming on the surface of the solid mass contained in the phial, and would melt it gradually from the upper part downwards; (2) it is impossible to conceive a dissolvent penetrating into the very bottom of the vessel which contains a hard substance which fills it, before the upper part of it is previously dissolved, for in this case the phenomenon should manifest itself, at least in the first moments, by a portion of the substance liquefying on the upper part, and by another portion, still solid, adhering to its sides.

The liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius evidently defies every natural or scientific explanation. It suffices to witness, in good faith and attentively, the ceremonies during which it takes place, to be convinced of the perfect honesty of those who preside over it, and of the absolute impossibility of any tricks being practised to produce it.

All those who have witnessed this wonderful manifestation have been compelled to bow before evidence. We cannot refrain from quoting the words of a man well known for not being over credulous or too partial to facts of a supernatural nature, Alexander Dumas, sen., the celebrated novelist, who saw the prodigy taking place in his presence.

In the description he gives of the incidents occurring before and during the phenomenon, one can easily discover that the writer is more or less of a sceptic, and is accustomed to address those who are not over scrupulous in religious matters, and who like, above all things, to be amused. But the very light way in which he handles a subject so deserving of all respect, is precisely what proves the sincerity of an acknowledgment given in so clear and spontaneous way to the reality of the miracle.

It was [says he] a miracle indeed, as the phial was always the same. The priest touched it only to place it on the altar, and to have it kissed by all the by-standers, who never lost sight of it. The liquefaction

took place at the very moment the priest laid the phial on the altar. Doubt may raise its head to deny, and science its voice to contradict it, but this is what really took place, what was done without mystery, without imposture, without concealment, and in the sight of everybody.

The philosophers of the eighteenth century, as well as modern chemistry, have wasted their Latin upon it. Voltaire and Lavoisier would fain bite at the phial, but like the serpent of the fable, they pull out their teeth on it. It may be a secret of the Canons of the Tesoro, and kept from generation to generation since the fourth century to our days, but then we must admit that the secrecy is more miraculous than the miracle itself.

I prefer, therefore, to believe the miracle, and as far as I am concerned, am prepared to assert its reality.

COUNT ORSI.

On the Road to Lourdes.

IT is impossible to pass through Paris without asking oneself whither drifts its gay, warm-hearted, impressionable, volatile, pleasure-loving, impulsive, easily influenced population. For Paris is the centre of France far more than London of England. It influences the whole country more than almost any other European capital. It contains in itself all the elements of the various provinces—the revolutionary spirit of Marseilles, the piety of Brittany and the Vosges, the indifference or socialism of Lille and the north. The central Government has a power like that of the central city—it represents the people, and at the same time, because it is representative, and because it is the Government of the people, it moulds them. It can influence the elections to a degree quite unknown in England, and that English electors would keenly resent. The number of officials is enormous, and every official is the master rather than the servant of the people, and has a little circle who are subject to his control. He is a bit of a tyrant too. In France the average passer-by is a good deal more polite and genial than in England, but the average official far more unapproachable and reserved. He treats you as his inferior, his official position giving him, he thinks, a right to look down upon you officially. Fancy addressing Monsieur le Gendarme by anything corresponding to the familiar name of "Bobby!" On the railways it is the same. The officials are not the servants of the passengers, but their directors and controllers, and woe betide an unhappy mortal who ventures to assert his independence and follow his own fancy, instead of being passively moved hither and thither by the various *employés*.

This spirit of officialism is a curious outcome of the tendency of the French people to put themselves far more completely than any Englishman can do in the hands of those whom they regard or adopt for the time as their superiors. It is really a sort of perversion of the spirit of loyalty. If the Government employs

them they are completely at its beck and call. They identify themselves completely with it, be it good or bad, and do not venture to oppose it or assert their independence of opinion in opposition to it, even in matters altogether outside its province. Its enemies are their enemies, its friends are their friends, its subjects are their subjects. So it is with the *employés* of the railway company. It is because the happy or unhappy traveller is for the nonce the subject of the company to whom he entrusts himself during the journey, that he becomes also the subject of every official—ticket collector, guard, or porter—who acts as the functionary and representative of the controlling power. He is to be guided hither and thither, severely repressed if he shows any self-will, and to be treated under the best of circumstances as a sort of gentle condescension from his lord and master the *employé*. He is to be taught to respect the official dignity, and to regard the word of the official as infallible, unless indeed some higher official steps in with a superior degree of infallibility.

For instance, I am desirous of visiting the south of France, and I learn from the *Indicateur des Chemins de fer* that the Compagnie d'Orléans invites those who desire to travel to and fro on its line to mark out their own journey, in order that they may receive at very reduced prices a circular ticket available for a month along the self-chosen route that they shall indicate. Thereupon I make application at the Bureau, Rue de Londres, 8, and approaching a window marked *Voyageurs*, I enter into parley with the official presiding there. He courteously hands me a plan of the line, and tells me to trace my route in pencil upon it. Before doing so I ask whether I can receive the ticket at once, as I want to start the next morning. This is declared to be out of the question; the ticket must be ordered some days beforehand. I explain that if I am to have it at all, I must have it at latest the next day. "Pas possible, Monsieur, il faut commander le billet *au moins* 8 jours d'avance." I am about to retire discomfited when I observe that at the adjoining window sits a more dignified official, with his cap on and a silver lace band around it. The window is marked *Chef de Gare*. He has been listening to the conversation, and makes a significant gesture to my interlocutor, whose attitude at once changes completely. "Bien, M'sieur, vous pouvez avoir le billet demain." Rejoicing in my unexpected success, I trace the route I wish to adopt and hand it in to my friend the *employé*. Over a part of the journey I propose to go and return by the same

route, never imagining that any objection would be raised to this on the part of the company. But when I hand it in I find that it is contrary to the regulations. "Ce n'est pas permis au voyageur de revenir sur ses pas." My friend proposes an alternative, but I find it absolutely impossible to avoid a certain amount of repetition in my journey. What difference can it make to the railway company if I choose to travel a part of their line twice over? This I represent in my best French, and as politely as I can, but it is no use. "C'est absolument impossible, Monsieur." I glance in the direction of the window occupied by the friendly *Chef de Gare*, but unluckily he is no longer there. I venture on a new proposal. A *billet d'aller et retour* will surely be available for at least a month from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of 575 *kilomètres* or some 380 miles. No: unhappily the time during which it is available is limited to seven days. I give in with the best grace I can, and after a little more friendly discussion, we come to the conclusion that my best plan is to take an ordinary single ticket from place to place along my journey.

But to return from this illustrative digression to more serious matters. The influence of authority in France is at the present time enlisted on the side of irreligion, and has been for many years past. Just at present there is a lull in the storm. M. Rouvier and his Government openly declare that they are not going to persecute religion. The banished Religious are going back quietly and unnoticed. Their colleges in some cases are almost as much frequented as ever. Sometimes they are nominally in the hands of secular priests or laymen, sometimes the college is broken into the various classes or schools that compose it, and each school lives in a separate house in the town under the charge of one or two of the Fathers. This plan is injurious to community life, but it has some advantages over the united college under a secular *abbé* as nominal Rector, or *Titulaire*. In the latter case the dual control necessarily causes difficulties, however anxious the nominal head and his assistants to work in harmony with the real masters of the establishment. Both the one and the other system is but a makeshift; it is impossible, except by a miracle, for those who are proscribed and exiled to carry on their work with any such measure of success as when they were recognized by the Government. It is wonderful how much they achieve, considering their difficulties.

They are recovering little by little not only their educa-

tional activity, but the exercise of their sacred ministry. The churches indeed are closed, but the faithful know that if they desire the consolations of religion, they can find the good Fathers if they pass through the parlour into the church, and that in some towns they can hear Mass in the church, though it is always with closed doors and as a special favour. Some sanguine souls declare that when M. Grévy, who signed the decree of banishment, goes to give account at a higher tribunal for robbing France of some of her noblest sons, and the youth of France of their guides, protectors, and best friends, that the decree will be reversed, or at least allowed to fall into disuetude. But it seems more likely that there is but the lull in the storm. In a couple of years a new Chamber will be elected, and there is every reason to fear that it will be worse than the present. Much will depend on the action of the Government, and on the whim that takes the people at the moment. But the demoralizing influences of the last fifteen years have been doing their fatal work, and the younger generation has been allowed to grow up without religion. This is especially the case with the lower orders. The banishment of all religious symbols, religious teaching, and religious influence from the Écoles Communales all over the country promises to work dire mischief as the years roll on. The same is not true of the upper class. Among them there seems to be a decided movement in the right direction. In the army especially, and in the military schools, the change is most encouraging. In former times religion was tabooed. No student at the École St. Cyr, or at the École Polytechnique, ventured to go publicly to Holy Communion. He had to start out, and visit some neighbouring church even to make his Easter duties. Now all this is changed. Every Sunday a goodly number of the young officers approach the Holy Table. The change is, I am told, due mainly to the good example and manly courage of the pupils of the Jesuits, who have stood firm against that miserable human respect to which young Frenchmen are so liable, and in the teeth of ridicule, opposition, and persecution, have won the victory for God. The lesson has leavened the whole mass, and religion, once despised, is now respected and honoured. All honour to them! What a consolation to their teachers and guides of their boyhood and youth to see such a glorious fruit of their labours.

But to the children of the poor religion has become almost a

forbidden luxury. What can be hoped of those who have been taught to look with contempt on anything that savours of clericalism and of the religious spirit, and who have been trained from their infancy without ever having the knowledge, the fear of an Omnipotent God impressed upon their childish intelligences? In many of the provincial towns, as well as in Paris, the anti-clerical spirit is very strong among the masses, and the Government, if they do not officially encourage it, yet as individuals, and by their indirect influence, give their countenance to it. On the 4th of September last, a statue of Voltaire was unveiled at the town of St. Claude, in the Jura. M. Spuller, the Minister of Public Instruction, pronounced the eulogy of that enemy of God and man, from which we quote a few words, which are but representative of the rest :

The statue [he said] to which we are paying our homage to-day is erected not so much in honour of the keen, comprehensive, universal talent of Voltaire the poet, the historian, the savant, the philosopher, the logician, the critic, master and model in every branch and every direction for the intelligence of man, as in honour of that grand heart of his, *unceasingly moved by the misery and the injustice from which humanity suffers*; that heart that beat each year with an impetuous and convulsive emotion (*d'un mouvement précipité et convulsif*) at the thought of the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day: *that heart which breathed with so passionate a hatred of every form of fanaticism*, and which pursued with such an eager passion the progress of a higher civilization. . . . Ah, my dear fellow-citizens, how great and glorious France will be when she shall appear before the nations in the light of her great men, of those that like Voltaire all mankind has a right to claim as her most illustrious sons! A ray of that glory lights up Saint Claude to-day—next year we shall be celebrating the precursors of the Revolution in Dauphiné: two years hence we shall be in Paris with those who stormed the Bastille. These are the hopes that inspire the soul and support us in our labours, our struggles, our daily miseries. This is the ideal towards which nations tend, and we have the right to say with pride, There is nothing above this ideal that France can propose to her children!

It would be difficult to find a more ingenious method of propagating, under the veil of high-flown language and pompous rhetoric, an admiration of the scandalous excesses of the Revolution, and an open hatred of the Catholic Church. It is, moreover, a curious instance of the deception practised on the ignorance of the people. Voltaire was one of the worst enemies of the people; he was a servile flatterer of the great, a bitter foe of liberty. To hold him up as one whose great heart beat in

sympathy with distress, is such a ridiculous perversion of facts, that one would have imagined that even a provincial French mob could not have been deceived by it. No one was ever more selfish, more cynical, more cruel, more unsympathetic, more misanthropical than Voltaire. Yet the assembly at Saint Claude interrupted the orator with continual applause, and showed clearly enough whither his words were leading them by shouts that arose when his rubbishy rhodomontade was concluded, *Vive la République ! Vive Boulanger ! Les curés sac au dos !* (military service for the priests !)

I have said there is a lull in the storm, but nevertheless it continues always its work of destruction. The municipality of Paris, always foremost in the war against God, has lately shown its hatred of God by a characteristic act of irreligion. The good Religious who tended the sick in the hospital of Lariboisière, one of the few in which they were allowed to remain in 1882, have been expelled. We will listen to the *Figaro* of the 15th of September on the subject. The *Figaro*, be it remarked, is a paper without any sort of principle—quite as unprincipled as the *Times*, more amusing, and equally irreligious. After telling us how the expulsion of the Sisters has been the object of a vigorous attack from a celebrated physician, M. Doctor Desprès, who has defended the Sisters, not the least from a religious point of view, but simply in view of the good of the patients, and the advantages they derived from being nursed by them, the *Figaro* continues :

Dr. Desprès was right. No one can deny the service rendered by these Sisters. The only charge that could possibly have been brought against them was that of being a little narrow, and, without meaning it, of preferring the sick who were pious, or appeared so, to the sceptics and to the freethinkers who are just now so much in fashion. . . . They are thus turned out in the name of liberty, but if any fault could be found with them, there is a good deal more to be brought against their successors. "Reckless extravagance . . . exclusive devotion to certain of the sick, and especially to their own families, the rooms of the nurses crowded with their children and husbands, the best of the food appropriated to themselves, impatience, ill-temper, bitter words addressed to the sick, fondness for amusements, neglect of their professional duties for balls, theatres," &c. Such is the opinion of them given by a hospital physician, and to this we must add (says the *Figaro*) a number of accidents caused by mistakes, poisoning through carelessness, and refusal to help in the case of an epidemic.

Such is the opinion of a newspaper that cares nothing for God or for religion, but has at least sufficient good sense to acknowledge the suicidal folly of expelling those who gave themselves with an exclusive devotion to the pious work of nursing the sick poor, and whose superiority to hirelings, from a medical point of view, was undeniable. It is not the medical aspect of the question that is chiefly to be regretted, though it is sad to think of the additional suffering inflicted by the roughness, coarseness, neglect, and cruelty of the paid attendants who have taken their place. The real reason for sorrow is the loss of many a soul that must result therefrom. How many a hardened sinner has, under the gentle, soft persuasion of the thoughtful Sister at his bedside, been brought to repentance at the last hour! how many a professed freethinker has, under their influence, returned to the pious beliefs of his early life! how many a blasphemer has exchanged his curses for the sweet invocation of Jesus and Mary to be with him in his last hour! This is the real meaning of the charge of greater attention to the pious sick. This is the real secret of the dislike of the enemies of God for the presence of the good Sisters by the bedside of the dying!

Yet the gathering blackness, even if it breaks upon the country in the shape of a fresh deluge of reckless iniquity before many years are past, will, through God's mercy, end in a storm which will clear the air and will bring about, not any permanent loss of faith to the country which is still dear, and ever has been dear, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, but rather a renewal of all that is noble and Catholic in the hearts of her children. What thoughtful men dread most is another war, leading as it probably will, to a fresh defeat, and to a Commune, the excesses of which would surpass those of 1870. It may be that such a storm is necessary before the light breaks through the clouds, and France again becomes her true self. It may be that the prophecies will be realized which declare, in their mystic obscurity, that "the sons of Brutus will cause the river of the fair city to run down to the sea red with blood, and that they will prevail for a moon and moons and half a moon." It may be that Paris will be the scene of fresh horrors, and that she will contribute fresh martyrs to the catalogue of the saints. But at the worst it will be but a tempest which will usher in a brighter day for France. Under the surface there is still a fervent piety and devotion, a self-sacrifice, and a saintliness in tens of thousands of her sons

and daughters, that must bear fruit in due time. France takes the lead in all good works, all the world over, and especially in the Propagation of the Faith. France is still the headquarters of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. In France the glories of the Sacred Heart were revealed to a French religious. Above all, what country receives from our Lady so many tokens of her love and favour as does France? Go into the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and see the walls covered with votive tablets from the roof to the ground, and count if you can the countless decorations dedicated to her by officers who have received some special favour from her hands. See the crowds who are praying there from morn till night, and burning votive candles by way of confident petition or grateful thanks to the Queen of Heaven, and you cannot fail to realize that even over thoughtless, gay, pleasure-seeking Paris, our Lady watches with the love of a Mother for a child whom she knows will not wholly go astray, even though for a time it may seem to have forgotten its heritage of faith. Listen again to the chorus of the song which has spread like wildfire over France, and is now sung wherever Catholic France gathers her children together :

Nous voulons Dieu, c'est notre Père,
Nous voulons Dieu, c'est notre Roi.¹

¹ The expression of Catholic sentiment in this song is so admirable that a few verses must be given as a specimen of the rest :

Nous voulons Dieu dans nos familles,
Dans l'âme de nos chers enfants ;
Dieu donne la grâce à nos filles,
A nos garçons des cœurs vaillants.

Nous voulons Dieu dans nos écoles,
Afin qu'on enseigne à nos fils
Sa Loi, ses divines paroles
Sous le regard du Crucifix.

Nous voulons Dieu—sa sainte image
Doit présider aux jugements ;
Nous Le voulons au mariage
Comme au chevet de nos mourants.

Nous voulons Dieu dans notre armée,
Afin que nos jeunes soldats
En défendant la France aimée,
Soient des héros dans les combats.

Nous voulons Dieu—que sa clémence
Exauce nos ardents désirs ;
S'il faut du sang pour ta défense,
Seigneur, nous serons tes martyrs !

Chrétiens, notre antique alliance,
Renouons-la dans ce saint lieu,
Et crions au nom de la France :
"Oui, Dieu le veut,—Nous voulons Dieu."

Or listen to a crowd of Bretons chanting their favourite refrain, with all the energy of their intense and enthusiastic belief :

O Marie, O Mère chérie,
Garde au cœur des Bretons la foi des anciens jours ;
Entends de haut du ciel le cri de la patrie :
Catholique et Breton *toujours* ;
Catholique et Breton *toujours*.

It is not true that France has forgotten God. What better proof that the heart of France is not corrupt than the magnificent Church of the Sacred Heart which is rising up on the hill of Montmartre? The situation is admirable. It completely commands the whole of Paris, and is a conspicuous object from every quarter. It will be a splendid structure, quite plain externally, massive Roman-Byzantine, but with no Byzantine decoration, suggesting to the unlearned in French architecture rather a sort of modern Norman than the style which it really copies. It has a subterranean church or crypt under that which is rising up above ground, a fine example of the "basement" familiar to all Catholics dwelling in American cities. In the crypt alone there are seventeen separate chapels, at some of which Mass is now said. Above will be fifteen chapels more, beside the high altar, some of them in the transepts and others running round the back of the high altar, cathedral fashion. At present these latter alone are complete. The body of the church it is hoped will be finished three years hence, but it seems likely to be five years at least before it will be ready for consecration. The various parts of the church are contributed piecemeal by the various dioceses and towns of France, and the massive pillars, and often individual stones and blocks of stone are engraved with the name of the community which gives them, so that all who visit it, from whatever part of France, will recognize their own share in this tribute of gratitude and reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At the west end, looking down upon the city, in a niche high up on the outside of the church, will be a colossal statue of our Lord pointing to His Sacred Heart, as if to testify His love for Paris and for France, and to appeal to the city not to turn away from His invitations of love. Side by side with the church a lofty tower is to be erected, and its massive bells will re-echo the whole city over, proclaiming to all Paris its privileges, its duties, and the claims of the Sacred Heart on its devotion and its love.

I must not linger over Paris. One point alone I may as well allude to here. I have spoken of the dread good men entertain of a new war with Germany. Yet come it must. The intense feeling of hatred and the longing desire of vengeance which exists throughout France towards Prussia must sooner or later find a vent. In their dread of their powerful neighbours, they are always fancying that every German is a Prussian spy, that there are traitors in the Government bureaux of France, and that the Prussians employ some of the fashionable ladies of Paris and other cities to worm out of French officers the secrets of the army. The *affiches* of the *Echo du Paris* of September 3 are headed in large type, "L'ESPIONNAGE ALLEMAND: SIX CENTS PERSONNES COMPROMISES." The newspaper declares that there has been a betrayal of official documents by the *employés* of the War Office, "nous sommes certains, que des trahisons monstrueuses furent commises, que des secrets importants ont été, sont, et seront incessamment livrés. . . . Il existe a notre connaissance, au ministère, une liste de cinq on six cents personnes soupçonnées d'entretenir avec l'Allemagne des relations plus que suspectes." Even at Lourdes the unfortunate German is not allowed to indulge his devotion in peace. From the moment that he crosses the frontier the police are on his track, and lucky he is if he is not on some excuse or other, or with no excuse at all, arrested as that bugbear of all Frenchmen, that animal to whom no mercy is to be shown, a Prussian spy.

All this seems very unreasonable, but there is some ground for it. During the late war the knowledge possessed by the Germans of every part of France was simply astonishing. Every town, every village, every road, almost every footpath, was familiar to the officers of the various districts occupied. The resources and material of every district were perfectly well known to them. How was this knowledge gained? To a great extent by careful and accurate study and research, but also from information furnished by Germans who had been residents in France. The French assert that every *corps d'armée* had a contingent of men familiar with the part of the country to which it was sent, consisting chiefly of commercial travellers and strolling musicians, who had pursued their trade or occupation there for some years previously with the purpose, according to French accounts, of subsequently communicating their knowledge to the authorities and guiding the army in safety through the country familiar to them. Frenchmen declare that these men

were continually recognized among the ranks of the German soldiers. We can hardly wonder under these circumstances that they are on their guard against a repetition of a policy on the part of Germany that proved invaluable to the army of occupation.

Matters political, however, are not *de mon métier*. It is on a pilgrimage I am bound, and though in France politics and religion seem inseparably united, yet there is no reason in the nature of things why a Republican should not be a good Catholic. There are indeed some who unite a devotion to the Republic with a fidelity to the Church: but they are *rare aves*. Even some of the Bishops have a leaning to Republicanism, but this is perhaps to be accounted for by their having been nominated to their sees by the State. The Holy Father cannot refuse all the nominees. He is fain to appoint any who are even respectably good men and sound Catholics. It is said, moreover, that a Bishop who starts as a Republican does not often remain one for long, if he is a zealous man, eager for the spread of religion in his diocese. But as to this, *valeat quantum*. I merely repeat what I incidentally heard in conversation with a French priest.

To return to my journey. After relinquishing the idea of a circular ticket, I book through by the night train to Poitiers. A most polite official secures for me a comfortable corner. The opposite corner is occupied by the rugs and wraps of a middle-aged man of somewhat resolute appearance, who is chatting with a friend at the door of the carriage. Presently a young man enters quietly, displaces the effects which mark the place as taken, and sits down there. I inform him that the corner is already occupied, but he simply smiles and takes no notice of my suggestion. I wait to see the fun which I anticipate on the return of the former occupant. Presently, in he comes. "Monsieur, cette place est prise. Voulez-vous vous déplacer, s'il vous plait?" No movement on the part of my young friend. "Déplacez vous, s'il vous plait." Still no attempt to move. The owner of the corner becomes furious, and issues his ultimatum: "Vite! Allez!" Slowly and reluctantly, and with the worst possible grace, the intruder withdraws from the usurped corner, and the rightful owner takes possession, and follows up his advantage with an inquiry: "De quel pays êtes-vous?" The intruder is from Switzerland, and this suggests some not very complimentary remarks on the manners of the

Swiss, which, however, the object of them, humbled by his defeat, does not appear to resent. Peace at length established, we settle ourselves to sleep. Our unmannerly Swiss takes off his boots, stretches his long unmannerly legs across the carriage, and plants his feet on the cushion opposite, in a manner which threatens to disturb my repose. I compel him to partially withdraw by sitting on his unmannerly toes; and during the journey, between sleeping and waking, the time passes quickly enough, till in the sweet early dawn I descend at Poitiers, jump into the convenient omnibus, am deposited at the house of a friend in the Rue Cloche Perse, and after an hour's sleep, Mass, and breakfast, I sally forth with my courteous friend to visit the antiquities of the city.

I am not going, O gentle reader, to inflict upon you those architectural and historical details, so interesting on the spot, so uninteresting in their after-perusal. But there is a story connected with one of the churches of the city that relates to England, and is moreover in itself curious and quaint. The church in question is entitled Notre Dame la Grande. It is of the tenth century, and its architecture is a mixture of Roman and Gothic. Within the church is a large statue of our Lady, who clasps in her hand a bunch of keys. The statue is said to be miraculous, and among the miracles attributed to it is the following.

In the year 1202, when the English were ravaging a great portion of France, there was a Mayor of Poitiers who had a secretary of remarkable ability and very fond of money, whom he often employed to do business for him in different parts of the country. It happened that in the year of which we are speaking he sent him to Périgueux, and there he fell in with the English who held the town, and who, when they learned that he was from Poitiers, and found that he was a man greedy of gold and unprincipled, at once began to open negotiations with him for the betrayal of the town. After some parley, he promised to admit them into Poitiers on the following Easter Sunday, while the inhabitants were at Mass, for the consideration of 1,000 French livres. Returning to Poitiers, the traitor began to lay his plans. He showed more attention than ever to the Mayor and completely won his confidence, so that he could go thither and thither as he chose. Among his other observations, he discovered that the Mayor always slept with the keys of the city behind his pillow, and as he had free

admission to his master's room, he resolved to steal the keys early on Easter morning while the Mayor was still asleep. The night at length arrived for the deed of treachery; the English had marched under false colours and were concealed around the walls of the city, ready at a signal from the traitor to enter by one of the gates, called the *Porte de la Tranchée*, which he would unlock for them. His master was fast asleep and the secretary approaching his bedside on tiptoe, cautiously put his hand behind the pillow and felt for the keys. But keys he could find none: he searched and searched, but they were gone. Perhaps they were in some secret drawer, but though he searched everywhere, no keys could be found. Baffled but not defeated, he resolved to wake his master as soon as the day began to dawn and to borrow the keys under some pretext or other, and meanwhile he hastened to the walls and threw down to the English a note explaining the cause of the delay, and promising that before five the gate should be opened. Returning to the house, a little before five he woke his master, told him that the watchmen of the *Porte de la Tranchée* wanted the keys to let out a gentleman of the Court who was in haste to go to the King. The Mayor rubbed his eyes, remarked that it was very early to start, and put his hand behind his pillow to give the keys to the secretary. But to his utter dismay, the keys were gone! In terror he leapt up, sought them everywhere, but no keys were to be found. "The keys must have been stolen! there is treachery at work!" The guard is summoned and ordered to hasten to the gates, and especially to the *Porte de la Tranchée* as being the most dangerous on account of there being no water around it. When the soldiers arrived there, under the walls they saw the English all in confusion. The cry was raised throughout the city, *Aux armes! Aux armes!* The alarm bell was rung, and soon the citizens had armed themselves and hastened to the walls, while the poor Mayor stricken with deadly terror, hastened, like a good pious Catholic, to *Notre Dame la Grande*, and throwing himself on his knees there he commended the city to God and to His Blessed Mother, Patroness and Protectress of the city. When he looked up, lo and behold, to his unspeakable amazement and joy, in our Lady's hands were clasped the city keys, safe and sound in her holy keeping!

Meanwhile a fresh wonder. As the citizens assembled on the walls they beheld the welcome sight of the English fighting

amongst themselves, and some fifteen hundred already lying dead or wounded on the ground. Thereupon they opened the gates, and rushing into the English camp soon destroyed all who remained alive, save some few whom they took prisoners. These prisoners told the story of the treachery, and declared that at the hour when the gates were to be opened to them they had seen in front of the gates a Queen more gloriously clad than words can tell, and by her side a bishop and a nun, and with them a countless host of armed men, who set themselves to fight against the English, some of whom, in their terror recognizing our Lady, St. Hilary, and St. Radegund, the patrons of the city, as their enemies, killed themselves, while others in a sort of frenzy attacked their comrades. "At which," says the chronicler, "the inhabitants gave thanks and went off to make their Easter duties (*s'en allèrent faire leurs Pasques*). As to the traitorous secretary, no one knew what became of him, for he was never seen since. There is good reason to believe that he threw himself into the river and was drowned, or that the devil carried him away."

Whether this story is legendary or not, the local tradition which honours our Lady for having delivered the city is a very ancient one. From the fifteenth century there has been an annual procession each Easter Monday, in which our Lady's statue was carried with great solemnity throughout the city in commemoration of the event, and though it was broken for a time by the Revolution, it has been since resumed. In 1871 it was conducted with greater splendour and more devotion than ever. The Prussians were on the borders of Vienne, not very far from the city. The inhabitants were in deadly terror, and once more placed themselves under the protection of our Lady, St. Hilary, and St. Radegund. Nor did their hopes deceive them, for not only the city, but the whole diocese was unsullied by the feet of the enemy.

St. Hilary of Poitiers is a well known Saint, but the third of the defenders of the city, St. Radegund, is less familiar to English ears. She was espoused to Clotaire, King of France, but fled the Court in terror on the occasion of the murder of her brother by the cruel Clotaire. The King pursued her and was on the point of overtaking her when a miracle saved her from his hands. The Queen in her flight passed through a field which a peasant was sowing with a crop of wheat. As she passed him she told him that if the King asked whether he had

seen the Queen, he was to answer that he had not seen her since the day that he sowed that field with wheat. The Queen passed on and a moment after Clotaire appeared. But meanwhile the wheat just sown had sprouted and grown up in a luxuriant crop so tall that the fugitives were completely hidden by it from the pursuers. Clotaire recognized the miracle, and consented to Radegund's desire to leave the world for a life in religion. She founded the Abbey of Ste. Croix, and at the time of her death it numbered already two hundred religious. She was buried in the Abbey church, which was subsequently rebuilt and dedicated to her. Her tomb is still preserved there under the crypt, and is the object of pious veneration and one of a yearly pilgrimage in the month of August. It is deemed miraculous, and pious pilgrims may be seen passing beneath the sarcophagus and touching its sides with their handkerchiefs or objects of devotion which they desire St. Radegund to bless. In the fifteenth century Jean Count of Poitiers, partly from devotion and partly from curiosity, obtained permission to open the tomb and take off the two rings which Radegund had worn as spouse of Clotaire and subsequently spouse of Christ. The body was found entire, smelling sweet as balm. When the Count attempted to draw off the ring she wore as Queen of France, she yielded it without difficulty, but when he sought to take the ring she wore as a token of her religious profession, she drew back her hand and a Divine and a miraculous power prevented him from robbing her of the badge of her union to her Divine Spouse. In 1562 the miserable Protestants violated the tomb and burned her relics, but some portions of her body (the head and arms) were happily kept safe from their sacrilegious invasion, and are still preserved in the Convent of Ste. Croix hard by.

This Convent has a number of very wonderful relics, which certainly are of great antiquity, though he would be a bold man who would vouch for the authenticity of all of them. Some are certainly a little marvellous—the bodies of two of the Innocents slain at Bethlehem; a piece of one of the vessels which contained the water changed into wine at Cana; a part of the table at which our Lord and His Apostles sat at the Last Supper, &c. There is no doubt that these relics are of great antiquity, and the Abbot of the Monastery of Ste. Croix is said to have perfect confidence in their being what they pretend to be. But a good Jesuit who accompanied me was

more inclined to be sceptical. "Ils peuvent être authentiques ! mais moi, je ne les avale pas." But even if some are supposititious, the collection is still a most remarkable one and well worthy of a visit from the pious visitor to Poitiers.

From Poitiers I hasten on to Bordeaux and thence to Lourdes. Railway travelling in France is not so satisfactory to an economical traveller as in England. The companies, more thoughtful of their own gains (though I believe it is short-sighted policy) than of the convenience of the public, run their best trains first-class only. The third-class carriages are nothing like as good as in England, and the third-class trains stop for the most part at all the stations. The second-class carriages in France vary not a little. On the Orleans line they leave nothing to be desired, and if only you can secure room enough and choose to invest a franc in the line of a pillow, you can sleep as well the night through as you can in what the French call a *Voiture Lit-Toilette*, or sleeping-car with dressing-room attached. But on the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and on many of the provincial lines, they are scarcely equal to the third-class on the English Midland or North-Western. This certainly is the case with the branch line that runs from Tarbes to Lourdes and Pierrefitte, as I can testify from my own experience. But nevertheless it is but a little journey, and I arrive very contentedly at Lourdes, where I find a boy who carries for me my little "valise" and shows me the way to the Maison des Pères.

I must reserve for next month the account of Lourdes and all that I saw there.

R. F. C.

The Sacrament of Soldiers.

"HAVE you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" was a question put by St. Paul to twelve men, disciples of St. John the Baptist, whom he found at Ephesus. These men, being disciples of John, were in a sense disciples of Jesus, inasmuch as John taught his disciples to believe in Jesus. St. Paul, learning that they believed in Jesus, supposed that they had been baptized with the baptism of Jesus, but not knowing whether as yet they had been confirmed, he asked them, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?" To his surprise they answered, "We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost." St. Paul was puzzled by this answer, for, since baptism is given in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, they ought to have known at least of His existence. They were adults, men come to the use of reason, and as such they could not have been baptized without previous knowledge, and profession of faith in the revealed mystery of the Trinity of divine Persons. Belief in this mystery, as well as in that of the Incarnation of the Son of God, is necessary for a Christian man, and this belief, if he has come to years of discretion, he ought to have before he is made a Christian by means of the sacrament of Baptism. St. Paul asked the men therefore, "In what then were you baptized?" They answered, "In John's baptism." The case was now clear. Twenty years ago they had gone up to Jerusalem, to keep the feast. There they had heard of John, and they had gone to see him. They had listened to his preaching, and they had been converted to belief in Him whose coming he foretold. Before they left him, they had received baptism at his hands in the waters of Jordan. This baptism was not given in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; nor was previous knowledge of the existence of three divine Persons necessary in order to its reception. Hence it was that they had no knowledge of the

Third divine Person. They had returned to their own land with their belief in Jesus, and since their return they had not received any farther instruction. St. Paul now taught them the revealed doctrines of the Trinity and of the Incarnation, the necessity of incorporation into Christ by means of sacramental baptism, and their right to the sacrament of Confirmation. He taught them that by means of it they should receive the Holy Ghost, in like manner as He had been received, albeit visibly and without a sacrament, by the first-fruits of the faithful, the little society of baptized believers who, as members in union with Peter as their visible head, formed the Body, or Church of Christ on the day of Pentecost. He explained to them that before they received the sacrament of Confirmation, they must first have received the sacrament of Baptism. That sacrament he administered to them, and then, laying his hands upon them, he confirmed them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

This is not the only instance of Confirmation that we find recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. We read that "when the Apostles who were at Jerusalem had heard that Samaria had received the Word of God, they sent to them Peter and John, who, when they were come, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. For He was not yet come upon any one of them, but they were only baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then they laid their hands upon them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

2

We are not to suppose that this was the first time that the Holy Ghost had descended on those men, and had taken up His abode within them. Wherever in any soul there is habitual, sanctifying grace, there is the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier; and wherever the Holy Ghost is, there are also the Father and the Son. "If any man love Me," said Jesus, "My Father will love him, and We"—that is, I, My Father, and Our Holy Ghost, Who proceeds from Us, and is consubstantial with Us—"will come to him, and make Our abode with him." Those Ephesian converts, disciples of St. John, had most probably received the Holy Ghost at the time of their baptism by John, although most certainly *not by means* of John's baptism. That baptism was only a naked and empty sign, signifying that which, apart from it, they had already received. This was the baptism of the Spirit, which consists in bestowal of the grace of con-

trition duly corresponded with on the part of its recipient. Listening to the penetrating preaching of the gospel of penance from the lips of John, their hearts had been pierced and filled with compunction for the sins of their past lives. They had seen what they had done to offend and injure the Divine Majesty, their Creator and Lord, and moved by the thought of His infinite goodness they had not only sorrowed in the present, detesting their sins of the past, but resolved, from the same motive, not to repeat them, and never more to commit any deliberate and grievous sin in the future. Here was perfect and true contrition—the *baptism of the Spirit*. We have solid ground for believing that they had such contrition, since we have the evidence of John. He at any rate must have believed in the reality of their contrition, for otherwise he would not have baptized them with his baptism. His baptism signified the effect of previous baptism by the Spirit. Apart therefrom it would have been not only a mere ceremony, for more it could not be, but an empty ceremony, since it could not possibly signify with truth that which had not taken place.

All this St. Paul taught them, and he prepared them for sacramental baptism—or the baptism of water and of the Holy Ghost. This was that baptism which Jesus instituted, and of which He said to Nicodemus, the Pharisee and Ruler of the Jews—“Amen, Amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and of the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.”

This baptism, like the baptism of the Spirit, confers sanctifying grace. It is not only an outward sign signifying, or, as in the case of John's baptism, signifying that which it does not effect, but which has already been effected; it is a sign signifying indeed, but at the same time effecting that which it signifies, namely, sanctifying grace.

A second instalment of sanctifying grace was therefore received by those Ephesian converts, by means of their sacramental baptism, in addition to the first instalment of the same grace which was bestowed upon them by their baptism of the Spirit. Both baptisms confer grace—the baptism of the Spirit apart from any sacrament, and the baptism of the same Spirit through and by means of a sacrament. But between those two baptisms there is an essential difference. There is no difference so far as sanctifying grace is concerned. Both baptisms effect it, and both baptisms are equally of the Holy Ghost; nay, it is

conceivable that in a particular case, and by reason of the perfection of the dispositions of the penitent, a larger measure of sanctifying grace might be received by means of contrition, or the baptism of the Spirit, than is ordinarily bestowed by means of the sacramental baptism of water and of the Holy Ghost. But there is an effect of sacramental baptism which that sacrament alone causes, and which is not produced either by the baptism of the Spirit, which is contrition, or by the baptism of blood, which is martyrdom. This effect is the impression of baptismal *character*. It is this character, stamped indelibly upon the very essence of the soul, which renders the baptized capable of the reception of other sacraments, and which establishes in them a right to the reception of other sacraments, and a special right to reception of the sacrament of Confirmation, as that sacrament is *perfective* and *completive* of the sacrament of Baptism.

3

St. Paul calls the baptized—"babes in Christ;" while St. Peter speaks of them as—"new-born babes." By means of the sacrament of Confirmation these babes are brought to spiritual maturity, and arrive at their spiritual manhood. By baptism they were born again, and became sons of God; by confirmation the sons of God are made soldiers of Jesus Christ. The sacrament of Confirmation is thus the complement and crown of the sacrament of baptism.

The sacrament of confirmation is *completive* of the sacrament of baptism. It brings to its perfection the special work which was begun in baptism. By means of baptism a man was made a Christian; by means of confirmation he is made a *perfect* Christian.

When we say that a man is thus made a perfect Christian, we do not mean that the work of divine grace is then or thereby *ended* within his soul—or that he is thereby made *morally* perfect—or that the grace of his confirmation is the last of the succours of divine grace that he is to receive. We know as a matter of fact that the work of divine grace is then only just begun—that instead of his being morally perfect, even the just man, who lives by faith, falleth seven times, and his absolute perfection is not to be attained on this side his grave—that he has day by day, throughout the course of his natural life, gradually and stone by stone to build up the edifice of his

spiritual life. But this we do mean that by the sacrament of Confirmation the *foundations* on which that edifice is to rest are laid in all their completeness and perfection ; and that he is fully furnished with those graces which he requires in order not only to lead but to preserve that life of faith on which he entered through the gate of baptism.

4.

"The just man," it is written, "lives by faith," and again, "by faith we are justified." Baptism was the means of our justification, for therein we received the gift of faith, along with those other graces which are associated with it, which are given in order to faith, or which have their root in, and spring from faith. Hence Baptism, as enabling us to believe, and to exercise our faith, to grow in wisdom and develope in spiritual understanding, is called the sacrament of faith ; and the baptized are called *fideles*—the faithful. In considering the *effects* of confirmation we must—since that sacrament is completive of the sacrament of baptism, and is ordained to perfect the work of faith therein begun—regard them from the point of view of faith, and of man's relations and duties, his difficulties and dangers with regard to faith. We thereby discern man's needs in this regard, and so we ascertain the precise *effects* of Confirmation, as supplying, and as intended and ordained to supply those needs. Man has with regard to faith three relations, one relation of *duty*, another of *difficulty*, and a third of *danger*. He has a duty to perform—a difficulty to face—and a danger to be armed against.

His duty is not only to believe and embrace the faith, but to *profess* the faith—to fight for the faith—and to hold it fast. "With the heart," says St. Paul to the Romans, "we believe unto justice, but with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Jesus also Himself said to His disciples—"Whoso shall confess Me before men, him shall I also confess before My Father who is in Heaven ; but whoso shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father who is in Heaven." It is, therefore, a paramount duty, incumbent on every Christian to confess the Christian faith, and to profess himself a Catholic, when occasion demands. In order that he may fulfil this duty, there is given to him a *special* grace by means of the sacrament of Confirmation. He needs it, for sometimes this duty is attended with no little difficulty. Jesus, at the same time that

He declared the duty of confession of faith, set forth the difficulties which may surround it. "Think not," said He, "that I came to send peace upon earth. I tell you, No! but separation. For there shall be from henceforth five in one house divided, three against two, and two against three. I came not to send peace, but the sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's enemies shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is *not worthy of Me*, and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me, is not worthy of Me, and he that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me." Again, on another occasion He said—and His words are startling in their strength—"If any man come to Me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea! and his own life also, he *cannot be My disciple*; and whosoever doth not carry his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

When a man's duty of confession of his faith is attended with such difficulties, when he has to suffer for the faith, and by reason of his Christian profession, he has need of courage and of strength. This need is supplied by means of that *special* grace which he receives in the sacrament of Confirmation. That sacrament gives him a real *right* to the actual graces which he requires in the time of his need, in that hour of duty which is the hour of difficulty, in that moment when he is bound to confess his faith, and when in his confession of that faith he has to take up his cross, and bear it after Jesus, and suffer for His sake.

This suffering may come to men in many ways. Thousands of men and women in all ages have been called upon to seal their testimony to the faith with their blood. Thousands more have had to suffer loss of worldly goods, and have been stripped of their possessions, and reduced from riches to penury. Others have been deprived of liberty, and left to wear their lives away in loathsome and lonely dungeons. But besides those who have lost goods and liberty and life itself by reason of their confession of the Christian faith—the martyrs and confessors of the Catholic Church—there are thousands more who in our own day as in all ages have had to suffer for its sake. Theirs have been real trials although they stopped short of imprisonment or death. There are the trials of civil, and social and

domestic ostracism, wounding of the hearts of parents, the forfeiture of life-long friendships, the rending of still more tender ties, loss of fortune and expectations, and sometimes even of the means of livelihood, loss of place and influence, and the esteem of others, and the being regarded as a fool for Christ's sake. To men and women not a few, in our own day, and in our own land, profession of the Catholic faith has proved a very nailing of themselves to the Cross of Christ. It is objected to the Catholic religion by those who are outside the Catholic Church, that it introduces dispeace into families, that it comes between husband and wife, and parent and child, and interferes with temporal prosperity in a way that no other religion does. The impeachment is a valid one. Jesus foretold that so it should be. But it is an impeachment of Jesus Christ Himself. What the world proposes as an objection to the Catholic and Roman Church is one of the very marks and signs that it, and it alone, is the one, true Church of the crucified Christ. In this, as in so much else, that Church stands single and apart. Men may pass at their will from sect to sect, and take up one non-catholic religion after another, and it does not affect their position or their prospects in the world. The world cares not. But let a man make his submission to the one Catholic and Roman Church of God, and on the instant he is at enmity with the world that lies outside it. The world is up in arms. There is clamour and condemnation, opposition and resentment, and in one form or another he has to bear the cross after Christ. It is the world's unwitting testimony to the divinity of that Church which alone is one with Jesus Christ, and identified with Him in His divine mission. Again, there is the world's sneer, and to some men it is harder to bear than is the world's frown. Some who stand stalwart in face of the fiery hail of persecution shrink shivering from the chill rain of ridicule.

Besides the difficulties which may surround man's duty with regard to faith, there is also with regard to faith a certain *danger*, and that is the danger of loss of faith, or of faith suffering damage.

We have enemies, and those enemies are powerful and malicious, sleepless and unwearying, and they would rob us of our faith. "Our warfare is not only with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, and wicked spirits in high places."

The chiefest triumph of the devil is achieved when he succeeds in uprooting the faith from a human soul. Other triumphs may be as is the overthrow of an edifice, but this triumph is as the razing of its foundations from out the ground. Not that the devil can accomplish this apart from our consent and co-operation, but he has an ally in the flesh within us, which is as a traitor within the fortress. We have lusts and passions which war against the soul. There is a law in our members warring against the law which is in our minds, and striving to bring it into captivity to the law of sin and death. And besides the flesh within us, and the devil outside us, we have an enemy in the world, in the midst of which we dwell. An evil spirit worketh in the children of unbelief and disobedience, and through them on those with whom they are in contact. By the unbelieving we are tempted to disbelieve. We are tempted to feed on a poisoned literature. We breathe the poisonous atmosphere of a poisoned public opinion. To its level we insensibly and unconsciously tone down, and so, even when faith is not lost, it may nevertheless suffer loss. It may lose its firmness and simplicity, its strength and clearness. It may be weakened or obscured. To this danger men are exposed who live in the midst of an unbelieving world; and so to succour Christian men, when thus imperilled, there is bestowed a *special* grace by means of the sacrament of Confirmation. That sacrament confers an increase of faith and fortitude, of courage and strength to *profess* the faith—to *suffer* for the faith—and to *hold fast* the faith.

5

A good soldier must have both *strength* and *courage*. The one is of no avail without the other, the two must be found in combination. A man may be full of courage, and he may nevertheless be weak; while a man may be strong, and he may nevertheless be a coward. The soldier of Christ, who has to carry His cross in profession of His faith, must be both brave and strong. Nor is it a natural courage and a natural strength that will suffice and stand him in stead in the hour of conflict. He must be endued with strength from on high, and his courage must be from the Holy Ghost. He must receive by means of a sacrament that which the Apostles received apart from a sacrament on the day of Pentecost.

The sacrament of Confirmation bestows not only an increase of habitual grace, which makes its recipient more holy than

he was before, as do all the other sacraments, but it bestows also a *right* to actual graces in time of need. Observe, we do not say that it bestows actual grace, but that it bestows a *right* to actual graces, to be received THEN when they are needed. The actual grace is not bestowed at the time when the sacrament is received, unless it is then needed in order to profession of the faith. What is then bestowed is the *right to actual grace* in the future, and at the moment when its aid shall be necessary. The charter of this right, its guarantee and pledge is the sacramental *character*, which is impressed and indelibly engraven by means of this sacrament upon the soul. This character is the sign manual of God, graven with the finger of God, the *Digitus Paternæ Dexteræ*—God the Holy Ghost, who is the "Finger of the Father's Right Hand,"—upon the soul. This permanent character is the perennial wellspring of spiritual strength to the soldier of Jesus Christ, while belief in, and reliance on this ever-present aid gives him courage as well as strength. He knows that he is fighting, not unarmed, and not in his own strength, but in the armour of God, and with strength from the Holy Ghost.

It may be that he has had to fight the good fight of faith before his confirmation, and that he has fought it valiantly, and kept the faith. If so, it was certainly with the divine aid. But between his spiritual condition before confirmation, and his spiritual condition after confirmation, there is a difference. Before confirmation he fought as a civilian fights, who is compelled to fight by force of circumstances. After his confirmation he fights as a soldier by profession, who has enlisted and been enrolled for the very purpose of warfare in the cause, and beneath the standard of his Lord and Leader. Before confirmation he had right to actual graces in time of need, as all have right who are in the state of habitual, sanctifying grace, and that in proportion to the measure of that habitual grace in possession of which this right is founded; but after confirmation he has a *special* right to *special* graces for this *special* purpose—to enable him to make profession of the faith, whatever it may cost him. To these graces there is no limit. They include the grace of martyrdom, if he should ever be called upon in the divine providence to seal his testimony to the faith with his blood.

6.

Be it however remembered that those graces of Confirmation, abundant to overflowing, and limitless in their might although they be, require, nevertheless, our co-operation, as do all other graces. They enable, but they do not constrain. They supply the necessary strength, but possession of strength does not compel its exercise. Just as a man may be strong in body, and may nevertheless fail to put forth his strength, and do the works of the strong, so a man may be strong in spirit with supernatural strength supplied to him from on high, and he may nevertheless fail to exert himself and put forth his strength, and do those things which his confirmation has rendered him capable of doing. He retains the perfect freedom of his will. The divine grace will not interfere therewith. It will not operate in him the effect for which it was given, without his free co-operation with it. It will not force him to fight, and it remains always possible for him to turn coward and traitor in the day of battle.

Should any soldier of Jesus Christ thus prove faithless, the disgrace and shame of his cowardice and treason is intensified, for it is no longer the faithlessness of the civilian whom circumstances alone compelled to fight, but the faithlessness of the soldier who, however faithless he may be, remains branded with the sacramental character as a soldier who has voluntarily taken service beneath the banner of Jesus Christ.

The spirit of a soldier of Jesus Christ should be not merely the spirit of loyalty, but the spirit of chivalrous devotion to his Lord and Leader. As the baptized should have not only the fidelity of servants but the filial piety of sons, so the confirmed should have not the mere loyalty of a mercenary soldier, but the generous ardour of a noble knight. Begotten again by baptism unto God they are noble by birthright, and therefore when they have been confirmed they are not merely the soldiers, but the noble soldiers of Jesus Christ. Their deeds must therefore not belie their birth, and with their nobility of birth their ideas, their aspirations, and their aims should correspond. To those whose dispositions are thus noble, generous and chivalrous, as becomes their birth and the career on which they have entered, the spirit of strength will be also the spirit of joy. Buoyantly will they rise superior to the difficulties that surround them, and with gladness in their hearts will they follow Jesus,

carrying His Cross, as they profess His faith. Like the Apostles after Pentecost, when they were imprisoned and scourged for their profession of the faith, they will rejoice at being accounted worthy to suffer shame for the Name of Jesus. Like soldiers they will look forward to the triumph which succeeds the victory which ends the war, knowing that in precise proportion as it has fallen to them to suffer, shall it be given to them to enjoy. If at the close of life's campaign they should be tempted to repine at the allotments of the divine providence, as they review their sufferings of the past, it will be not because they have had to suffer so much for their profession of the Catholic and Roman faith, but because they were not accounted worthy to suffer more.

If we were habitually conscious of the stores of strength contained within the sacrament of Confirmation, as it has been received by us, and of the reality of the rights to aid with which it has invested us, we should be less fainthearted. We should not make petition for that which the faith tells us we already possess, but on the contrary make thanksgiving to Him "who hath anointed us, who also hath sealed us, and hath given the pledge of the Spirit in our hearts." Then, while most keenly alive to our own frailty, we should be strong in faith, and quit ourselves like men, and endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, ready with His Apostle even gladly to glory in our infirmities that through them His power might be made manifest in us, and to say—"When I am weak then am I strong, I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

Nature and God.

HE was only a boy ; his heart was light,
And his soul, in God's and the Angels' sight,
Was pure and fair as the cloudlets white
That hang in the air at noon.

Much he loved, as the day went by,
To pass from the town, where the houses high
Stained the blue of the summer sky,
To a meadow facing the West.

Low marshy lands stretched far away
To where broad purple mountains lay,
And the misty light of the dying day
Came flooding them all with gold.

Gravely he watched, till the mountain range
Would seem to become transfigured, and change
Into a country fair and strange,
Lying beyond the clouds.

Or oft his mind through fables old
Wandered, till legends yet untold
Twined themselves round the hills of gold,
And brooded over the marsh.

And every mountain had a wild
Fantastic story for the child ;
And, as to a dear old friend, he smiled
His thanks for the tales they told.

But there came a day when he waited yet,
Though in golden glory the sun had set,
And the long low mountain that always met
 The last of his rays, was dark.

Silent the voice of the hills had been,
And no strange cloud-land the boy had seen,
Though he listened and looked with a longing keen
 For the tale that remained untold.

And he turned to go, in a tired way,
For his heart was heavy and sad that day,
When sudden it seemed that the mountains grey
 Cried all with a mighty voice.

It thrilled his heart, and it stirred his mind—
'Twas as if the soul of the hills would find
A spirit like to itself in kind,
 To speak what it could not say.

And as he listened his heart beat fast ;
'Twas the tale of the hills, that had come at last ;
But the great cry into his spirit passed,
 And it loudly called to him, " Speak ! "

" Speak ! " And the great voice died away,
And he stood alone with the cold dead day,
And the eerie folds of the mountains grey,
 Lay silent and calm once more.

But the burning flame of a great desire
Sprang up in his heart like a kindled fire ;
Sudden and strong, and rising higher
 Than the height of his fairest dreams.

Henceforth he knew he must stand alone
In a wonderful world that was all his own,
Whose mystical beauty, before unknown,
He could dimly and faintly see.

And his the glorious work must be,
To tell of the beauty men could not see—
Of that region of Truth and of Poetry
That opened before his gaze.

So back to the town, 'neath the darkening sky,
He slowly passed, with his purpose high,
With the sacred trust of that mystic cry
Hidden deep in his heart.

And he wandered out with the early day
Into the meadows far away ;
For he knew that the purple hills would say
Marvellous things to him.

And they told him tales that were new and strange ;
And white clouds passed, and he saw them change,
As they floated over the purple range,
Into spirits shining and pure.

But even as he watched with a glad surprise,
Dim grew the vision before his eyes,
And a silent mist o'er the hills would rise
Hiding them all from view.

And over his soul came a dreary pain
As he took the pen in his hand in vain ;
For words that had once seemed clear and plain
Grew meaningless as he wrote.

Turning away from the mountains then,
Down to the valley he looked again ;
And a murmur borne from the hearts of men
 Rose up to him from the town—

Rose like a great appealing cry
Of longing for all that was pure and high ;
And his spirit thrilled with a proud reply,
 “ I will show them a nobler world.”

“ I will lead them on till they too shall stand
Firm by my side in that marvellous land ;
And the power that comes from the Poet's hand
 Shall lift up the lives of men ! ”

Then wrote he of glory, of honour and fame,
How a halo might glitter round each man's name ;
But up from the valley the white mist came,
 Spreading o'er all the town.

He arose ; and fled from the meadow fast,
And onward far through the world he passed,
For a strange unrest on his soul was cast,
 And he found not that which he sought.

Often he paused, where the ocean lay,
Or where forests stretched lonely and dark away,
And these, with a thousand voices, would say
 “ Take up thy pen and write.”

But still as they lay there before his eyes,
Slowly the blinding mist would rise,
Even until the clear blue skies
 Grew strangely obscure and dim.

And there rose a longing, all wild and keen,
For the hills that his earliest friends had been—
The purple hills that he had not seen
 Since he left them in grief and fear.

Homeward, then, a weary way ;
Pausing neither by night nor day,
With the call of the mystic hills alway
 Ringing clear in his heart.

Never a look around he cast,
But right through the streets of the town he passed,
And knelt by his own dear hills at last,
 In the calm of the silent night.

And he sent forth his grief in a bitter cry,
Thrilling up to the tranquil sky,
Trembling among the stars on high,
 Dying away on the wind.

Low on the meadow his brow he pressed
With a mighty trouble within his breast,
And a terrible longing for peace and rest
 Throbbing wild in his heart.

Long he knelt 'neath the quiet night,
His face pressed down on the dew-drops white ;
When sudden he knew that a calm pure light
 Came over the distant hills ;

Streaming soft over each broad fold,
Till, like masses of silver cloud unrolled,
They shone with a calm and peace untold
 Under the silent sky.

And out of the radiance a great peace beamed,
And into the heart of the boy it streamed,
As the long clear rays that so purely gleamed
Came flooding his heart with rest.

And there came a voice that called from afar
And fell like the trail of a falling star—
“Listen where the voices of Nature are,
And write what thou hearest them say.”

And sudden the silent night grew loud
With echoing voices from mountain and cloud,
Noble and sweet, till his spirit bowed
In reverence mighty and deep.

And a great understanding, a marvellous change,
Came into his heart with those voices strange;
’Twas as if the soul of the mountain range
Had entered into his own.

For the mystic cry of the hills grew plain,
And its meaning came from his pen again,
Woven into a glorious strain
That all men might understand.

And all through the country far and wide,
From the mountain range to the ocean side,
Till the noblest chords of men’s hearts replied,
Went the marvellous words he wrote :—

Went like the sound of a powerful cry
Of praise of the God Most Pure and High—
As the hills stretched into the clear soft sky,
So heavenward rose his words.

And the power that came from the Poet's hand
Raised up men's hearts ; till they too could stand
Firm by his side in that marvellous land,
The birth-place of Beauty and Truth.

And he knew he had found the Subject then
That alone was worthy a Poet's pen ;
And never the white mist came again
Over the purple hills.

From Oxford to Douay.

How it fared with Father John Bridgewater, S.J., on his way to Cardinal Allen, A.D. 1576.

IN Gloucestershire and Somerset, even at the present day, you hear sometimes an old proverb which has a local flavour about it. They say of an unthrifty man who parts with a round sum of money, in order to purchase what is seemingly of little worth, "He hath sold a beane, and bought a pease;" or, "Hee hath sold Bristoll and bought Bedminster." This allusion had a forcible weight when the little separate hamlet of Bedminster was compared against the wealthy city. And I think I hear folk say it of John Canon Bridgewater, when they found that he had renounced a canonry at Wells Cathedral, and several rich livings, in order to ensconce himself in a little hostelry, as Master or Warden of twelve poor brothers, of St. Catherine's, Brightbow, in the aforesaid hamlet of Bedminster, with a yearly stipend of £25. So much loss for so little gain!

But was John Bridgewater a Bristol man? you will say. No, but he became one when he settled down at the south side of the city, being still an Anglican, until he "took the step" which eventually brought him, late in life, into the home of St. Ignatius, the Company of Jesus. Of a generous and large-hearted nature himself, he could not but love and reverence that great chivalrous gentleman, whom Bishop Dupanloup has well styled "*Ce Basque généreux!*" But what sacrifices he made to get to St. Ignatius' home, and how he fared on his way thither, we will say more anon; for the present let us halt here, at Bedminster. His place in Bristol is picturesque, it is historical for its memories, but, most of all, as it was his place of predilection—the home of his choice.

Pass over Bedminster Bridge, leaving the fair tower and spire of St. Mary Radcliffe, and the most beautiful parish church in all England, behind you, and walk straight on, until you see some almost deserted and now tumble-down cottages, with the

word "Brightbow" on the angle of the group. No need of your putting your ear to the ground at night; when all is still you will hear the rush of a rivulet, making its way underground to St. Catherine's Mead; and you will see the brook of Bishopsworth coming forth to the river, which explains the gurgling noise which had broken your silence for you, if you only followed it up to the right of East Street, Bedminster, the noisy street which prevents this by day. Formerly it watered the Abbey Gardens and Little Paradise; then it turned the Abbey Mill, which existed a year ago, and of which I believe my own rude sketch is the only record extant; it passed under the bridge, or *bow*, and rejoiced the hearts and the eyes of the Priest Warden and his twelve poor men—the inmates of St. Catherine's Hospital, looking south, with its mead of St. Catherine opening out to the shipping in the Avon; to the old Augustinian Abbey, and to Brandon Hill, crowned with its coronet of flowering white thorns, and surmounted by the hermitage of the saint whose name it still bears.

Bedminster, or the Abbey of Venerable Bede, is mentioned in Domesday Book, and a fairer abbey hardly existed in England—certainly none was better placed. For this house was on a great road of pilgrims. Pilgrims to St. Anne's-in-the-Wood, and even pilgrims to Glastonbury, or pilgrims from the country to Bristol itself, and to the famous shrine of St. Mary Bellhouse in old St. Peter's Church, passed along from Bedminster Down, and rested here, footsore, wallet-laden, and intent on that pious work of faith—a pilgrimage of atonement for sins done, or for impetration of grace to overcome them.

For pilgrims, then, was the St. Catherine's Hospice built. Like that of St. Cross at Winchester, it was sufficiently endowed to afford a dole to every one on his way—a piece of bread, some good Cheddar cheese, and a good draught of cider. Of all this only a few vestiges remain. A stone building looking south, with the tracery of a Tudor doorway now blocked up, is all that exists of the Guest House, where once the wayfarers were received, and where John Bridgewater often distributed his alms, even after the ill-starred Reformation and the new doctrine had turned priest into parson, and holy altar to an ugly deal communion-table, in the once fair chauntry.

Alas! to-day, whilst I write these words, they are pulling down the remains of the hostelry (Feb. 12, 1887). By Tuesday next not a "wrack" will be left behind. All is absorbed by an

immense fabric of Bristol "Bird's Eye" tobacco, and by the great firm of Wills and Company. Luckily, however, I have a clear and interesting sketch of the above remains, by Father Leslie, S.J. No other record of them exists but my own, and his.

II.

Never was there a man who had wealth and distinction within his grasp and who yet threw them away, in order more fully to follow Jesus Christ and respond to his call, than Canon Bridgewater. Once, there had never seemed to him anything in the world worth living for except distinction and success, and now of all these he was about to make a voluntary wreck. A drop of light had fallen into his soul, and the same "constraining charity of Christ" which had drawn Andrew and Peter from their nets, Matthew from his usury and his money-bags, Magdalen from her voluptuousness, had now fastened on him. The ideal was ever in his mind. It followed him into the choir, it met him at the fountain, especially it haunted him as he passed the tomb of Jocelyn. "When shall I sing or hear the Holy Mass in this place? When shall I know that this Cathedral of St. Andrew, built by thee its founder, shall be restored to its pristine use, and thy holy soul, O Jocelyn, rejoiced, beneath the altar? How long, O God, Holy and True—how long?"

So the ideal of the true Church, with its perpetual round of sacrifice and sacrament, comes to Protestants like a seed of flower or of fruit-tree, let down by a zephyr of summer or autumn: the one fastens on some resting-place on the earth, the other on the earth of the soul—the one and the other seem to know what soil suits it. Every true Nicodemus, every Nathaniel, every Zaccheus, whether he be sitting under a fig-tree or is niched in a sycamore, receives the germ of an ideal, and the little mustard-seed "becomes a great tree." It lays hold of him. He inquires, he reads, and lays up things as treasures in his heart, as Mary did. At last it swells and buds into a conviction, which strikes its roots downwards, and opens its boughs to the breeze above.

Yet who but John Bridgewater himself can tell the history of "the tryals of his mind?" But this is not difficult to effect, because, as "Aquapontanus," he has left us the result of his life-thoughts, contained in two rare treatises, one called the *Calvino-Papistæ* of Elizabeth's reign, the other *A Concerta-*

tion on the Papal Supremacy, in an answer to John of Heidelberg. These must be read ; analysis would spoil them.

III.

Who that has ever gazed up at the western front of Wells Cathedral, and then stooping, has entered the low door leading into that glorious and religious nave, which even at the day when I write still breathes the spirit of old Bishop Jocelyn and of the good men of a holy time in the thirteenth century,¹ but must have wished to linger there, if only it contained the treasure of which the casket has been rifled ? You say, "Where is the Blessed Sacrament ?"

Pâle lampe du Sanctuaire,
Pourquoy dans ce Saint lieu
Ne brûles-tu pas devant Ton Dieu ?²

Something of this sort passed through the mind of Canon Bridgewater when, after chanting the Litanies, and making the long-drawn aisles ring again with his noble tenor voice, he met the choristers trooping out towards the Fountain, and beckoned one fair boy, "the silver soprano of Wells," John Raysin, to his side.

"What was it, Johnny, that you asked me the other night, about St. Athanasius and St. Chrysostom, the former of whom has a Creed, which is sung on certain days in the Cathedral, and the latter a prayer which is said every day ?"

"I was asking you when they lived, and whether they taught wrong doctrine, and whether it is wrong for me to answer 'amen' to their prayers ?"

"What a curious question, my boy ! No, they were great Saints of the Roman Church Calendar, but whose Creed and prayer contain sound and saving teaching on the Holy Trinity, the nature of God, the Incarnation of Christ our Lord. The prayer besides is the best prayer for grace and assistance of God in our daily works. Why should you hesitate to use your sweet voice, boy, in responding to them ?"

"Well, all I know is, that some people put on their hats and others sit down when that Creed is sung on Sundays ; and the Mayor of Wells, and one of the canons, always claps to the Prayer-Book, and looks savage at St. John Chrysostom."

¹ October 23, 1239. Wells Cathedral was dedicated to St. Andrew. It was built by Robert de Lewes and Joceline de Welles.

² Lamartine.

"Oh, they are both Calvinists and Puritans at heart; and the others who hate Athanasius will soon join 'them' in Rehoboth Chapel, as you'll see."

"Well, but, Canon, how can I sing and respond when no two persons in this Cathedral agree upon which is true? Surely all people in Wells were at one in Bishop Jocelyn's time, and worshipped and prayed alike, when Mass was said at the high altar in 1300? And my mother says that there has been nought but a medley of beliefs ever since the Reformation, and that Parliament is not the proper thing to settle what we are to believe and worship, nor competent to do so. Oh, sir, I'm tired of the whole thing, and it makes me cry when I sing the 148th Psalm; and I always say to myself, 'Babylon means confusion'—it's by the 'waters of Babylon' that we sit down, and we can't sing the 'Lord's song in a strange land.'"

"Well, but, my boy, these thoughts are beyond your years, and you can't settle them—no, nor I either. I too wish that the belief of the English Church were settled and undisputed. I should sing better myself if it were. I cannot sing unless my soul has unquestioning trust, and I have not that. But when we took French leave to think for ourselves at the Reformation, I do not see how we can deny the same right to think for themselves, to Puritans and Dissenters. We can't complain if they better the instruction which we themselves gave them. Now run home to dinner, my boy, and do not give up the choir work and the Church service until you see me do so."

So the Canon went pensively to his house in the Cathedral Close, and John Raysin went home to his mother's house near the Mitre Inn, a sadder and yet more resolved boy—resolved indeed to work out the problem for himself, if he could only get some history of the Reformation that would tell him why Bishop Jocelyn, the glorious Catholic builder, and why King Ina, the Saxon King who began the building, were both wrong; and both in damnable heresy and error, if the Thirty-Nine Articles say right.

Nor did he think himself wiser than his elders, still less did he go to put his conceits before the judgment of the Canon. So he held his peace, and bided the time, which indeed was not long. I will let you into the study of the Canon, and you shall see the trials of a mind in search of the true Church. That boy John Raysin, with his difficulties, little knew how those of a scholar and theologian tallied with his own. The

first winged feathery seedlet of a conviction had fallen on the good ground of his soul, and the result was not far off, as you shall see.

IV.

THE LADY CHAPEL AT WELLS CATHEDRAL, SOMERSET.

Near the Lady Chapel—a “sumptuous piece of work,” as Godwin calls it—stood the Chapel of St. Catherine on the right hand side going east, and built by Robert Stillington, Bishop, 1490. The original Chapel of the Blessed Virgin was completed by means of a “treasure hidden in the ground,” and discovered when they dug the foundations of it. Canon Bridgewater paused here one day, and thought over the parable of the Hidden Treasure. Said he, “‘Joy and peace in believing’ is the treasure which I seek. Where can I find it if not in the old faith, and in the communion of the Holy Roman Church?” And lo! he noticed that he stood between the incomparable Mother of God and St. Catherine, the Spouse of Christ.

The thought that came uppermost was, “I determine to spend what remains to me of life in working good for Christ’s sake, and it must be done when the preliminaries of faith and morals are all settled. I can waste no more time in inquiry and debate. Life is too short for that: ‘joy and peace in believing’ is presupposed for every one who would work for our dear God. Now, the power of the Roman Church is not one whit impaired by the schism of England nor by the defection of Germany, and her use of that power for good is not to be questioned. The greater part of living spiritual faith that exists in Europe is contained in her. And she teaches with authority, and ‘not as these Pharisees.’ Why, every one of these Reformers—Zuinglius, Withart, John Knox, and Cranmer—would be Popes if they could, but they have not the chance; yet authority is necessary. Wherein lies the great strength of Rome? The answer comes to me in one short sentence: This Church has come to *fixed conclusions*. In doctrine and practice *her* mind is made up; it is not double; she has the stability and force of the single mind; her ritual is one for all the world, for Pope Paul the Third at Rome, and for the poorest Indian whom Francis Xavier has converted in India. The very sound and accent of its words are the same: no thought of innovation is tolerated for an instant. There is no debate over *methods*. The preliminaries of work are all settled. All hesitation is cut

off. There is nothing to be done but the work, and what that is was decided ages ago—to *extend and preserve the Church as she is*. Each member soon learns his part. I shall soon learn mine, once that the preliminaries are settled for me, and for ever. Age after age the command goes forth from the triple-crowned head at Rome. The whole mighty organism, from the Cardinal in his scarlet robe to the poor rag-picker in the street, moves responsive to that command. Nothing short of this will satisfy me. I must have ‘peace and joy in believing’—the treasure *hidden* in the earth, as hitherto, for *me*, but which I *must* have, even if I sell all that I possess to purchase the field in which it lies.” He said the Hail Mary, and invoked St. Catherine, before whose mutilated altar he then stood, and went his way, a man *resolved*.

He sent in to Bishop Gilbert Barclay—the person intruded into the see of Wells by Elizabeth—a written resignation of his canonry in the Cathedral, of his living at Porlock, and that of Stanton Drew. “He desired to devote himself to study and retirement, and would be well contented with the Mastership of the Little Hospice of St. Catherine Brightbow, at £25 per annum, for he had private means of his own.” He had already resigned his rectorate of Lincoln College, Oxford, and his perpetual curacy of Wooton Courtney, near Taunton. He now also gave into Bishop Barclay’s hands Compton Bishop, near Axbridge. This altogether meant the renunciation of a net income of about £2,300 10s. of annual income, and that at the lowest computation. The renunciation was accepted, and very willingly, by Barclay, who was a Norfolk man and Puritan at heart, and a descendant of Lord Barclay, who built St. Catherine’s in the fourteenth century; leaving only one injunction, and sign of feudal tenure, viz., that the hospital should pay 6s. 8d. (six and eightpence)—a groat of that day—to supply wax candles at Candlemas to the Abbey Church of Bedminster.

So behold him empty-handed, and installed at Brightbow. He is supposed to have chosen Bristol, on account of its proximity to the famous John Fowler, printer and publisher, of Small Street in that city, and whose ripe scholarship and Catholic tendencies were even then well known. Fowler had been brought to the Catholic Church by his veneration for Sir Thomas More, and was at this time occupied in translating and preparing for the press that wondrous *Treatise on Consolation*, written by the martyr during his imprisonment in the Tower of London.

It would indeed be interesting if we could discover when and by whom Canon Bridgewater and John Fowler were received into the Church. But there are no records of the fact; though during the year 1576 or 1577, Evans mentions the fact that a search was made in Bristol for Jesuit Fathers, who were supposed to have come into that port about this time. Nor can I add, for want of this detail, the exact time of the reception of John Raysin the chorister. That the boy was dismissed by the Bishop or Dean of Wells in 1578 for his "Papistical inclinations," is clear from the diary of Evans. Anyhow, the good little fellow started one morning on foot and passed along the road to Yatton, and from thence trudged it to Flax Bourton, and so over the Bedminster Down to Brightbow. Here the joyous meeting between him and his future master took place, and from that day unto the end of his life he clave to his patron and friend, and remained his valet and body-servant, when they had passed from England to the Low Countries, as is fully stated both in the Douay Register and in other incidental notices. The inquiries about his perversion, and of his flight to Bristol, set the authorities in that town also on the *qui vive* as to secret tendencies in their own Cathedral choir, so that in 1579 or 1589 took place the expulsion of the famous organist, Elway Bevin. He was a pupil of Tallis, upon whose recommendation he was sworn Gentleman Extraordinary of the Chapel Royal, from whence he was expelled later in 1637, it being discovered that he adhered to the Romish Communion.³

His expulsion from Bristol was much earlier than this, and I very much suspect it must have been brought about by *Monita Secreta*, sent from Barclay of Wells to Richard Fletcher, who was Bishop of Bristol for four years, and translated to Worcester 1589, and to London 1594. This man was the chosen of Elizabeth to persecute with his attentions on the scaffold at Fotheringay, "our" poor Mary Stuart Queen of Scots, February 8, 1587. Both the one and the other are fair types of the prelates who from that time forward hunted down both priest and layman, and brought them to destitution, to exile, or the scaffold.

I might fill in here much more that would show the difficulties and dangers which every convert, as well as every staunch Catholic ran at the end of the sixteenth century; but I prefer to

³ Hawkins, *Hist. Music.*

record the safe arrival of the three converts, Bridgewater, Fowler, and Raysin, at the College gate of Douay, and to note their joyous reception by Cardinal Allen. With his Eminence they remained—Bridgewater ordained priest by him; and henceforth, when not occupied in receiving refugees from England and Wales, in constant excursions to Ostend, to Gravelines, and to Ghent for this purpose, toiling with the Cardinal, who was bringing out his learned and pious treatise on the *Holy Souls in Purgatory*.

Die Maiæ, 1577. Adventavit quidam probus vir dictus Raysinus, Ecclesiæ Wellensis cantor, qui inde ob fidem Catholicam ab Ejusdem Ecclesiæ pseudo-Episcopo exclusus est. Hic nunc Venerabili D. Bridgewater famulatur (*Diarium Douai*, p. 119).⁴

V.

In the Douay records I find one entry of the departure of our Father, along with John Raysin the chorister, for England, and as it would seem to Oxford: "August, 1580. 25^o mensis. Egressus est Dominus Venerabilis Bridgewater, cum Domino Rayzin famulo suo, et cum venerabili Domino Davis Oxoniam proficiscens." But I cannot help thinking that at this time he made the visit recorded to *Antwerp*, and so came to England; for at this very time and year (1580) died at Antwerp an old friend of his, John Fowler, a Bristol printer, good poet and orator, as Evans says: "He had abridged St. Thomas Aquinas, translated Osorius into English, during his exile, and the *Tribulations of Sir Thomas More*, written whilst in the Tower; for not liking the Reformation he went to Antwerp to his friend Bridgewater the Jesuit, a kindred spirit, and hammer of heretics, and there died."

Having done this last act of charity, and got safely to London, he and John disguised themselves at their lodging in Thames Street, and having bought two decent horses, good roadsters, they rode with slight and necessary baggage strapped to their cruppers, nor did they draw rein until they got to Reading, and rested. From Reading to Abingdon, by Steven-ton, they passed on until they got to Bagley Wood, and listened to the nightingales. Here, under shade, and with a divine concert

⁴ The only two dates on which one can rely in this little sketch are those of the *degree* and of the *death* of John Bridgewater. The first we get from Oxford, 1572, degree of M.A.; the second, of his death, is traced at Trèves, 1594.

overhead, they took out store of bread, sausage, a bit of Cheddar cheese, such as he had often given to the poor wayfarers at Brightbow, and lastly a flask of good Oldbury cider, provided for him by Dame Margery Burt, of the Star, on Fish Street Hill, well known to Fathers S.J.

The moon had not yet risen on fair Oxford, as they came in sight of Tom Tower, Christchurch, Merton, and St. Mary's Spire. All slept—don and undergraduate, town and gown. There was a background tinged with silver, and "those dear complaining bells," as Frederick Faber calls them, broke the silence and tolled the quarters.

On Folly Bridge the Father dismounted, and bade Brother John make his way quietly to St. Ebbs, at the back of Pembroke Lane, to a little hostelry kept by Kirby of Bicester, who had married Grace Collingwood of Heath, old families of the antique faith, as they are even now in 1887. "Take the horses, John," said he, "I would fain be alone for awhile. I will walk once more by the Cherwell and the Isis, and stroll down the Long Walk. God knows that this may be my last visit to the home of my youth." It indeed was to be so.

He made straight for one favourite spot near Maudlin Bridge, his heart full of memories of his undergraduate days, as indeed of his after-life as Master of Lincoln. Here he knelt, and poured forth in gratitude that good treasure of his heart, thankfulness of his conversion to the true Church, in what words I know not, only that an old paper, yellow with age, signed "T. B., 1580, Oxford," has been put into my hands. The writing tallies with that which was shown me by the present Rector of Lincoln College. It is so appropriate to the occasion, that I venture to ascribe it to him, and to persuade myself that it was written on this very August night, 1580, and before the Spanish Armada hove in sight of Tilbury Fort a few years later.

A LAY OF THE ISIS.

By T. B.

Ere the moon had through the gloaming
Touched with silver all the scene,
By the Isis I came roaming,
Isis, of my youth, I ween :
Ah, fair river, placid ever
See I shadows o'er thee gliding ?
Are they shadows, are they memories—
Memories, in my heart abiding ?

Seem thy waters as I view them,
Backwards to their source to stray,
And my thoughts as I pursue them,
To thy rippling wavelets say—

ἄνω δὴ χωροῦσι πηγαί
τῶν βέεθρων ἱερῶν.

Here's the beech tree by the alder,
Here two letters ought to be !
My own beech tree then I called her,
And, I swear, she's true to me.
Here they are ! my own initials,
But how crabbed and gnarled grown,
Then, I'd laughed through seventeen summers,
Since, five decades more have flown.

ἄνω δὴ χωροῦσι πηγαί
τῶν βέεθρων ἱερῶν.

As the beech-mast ripe and golden
Drops beneath its parent tree,
Here there fell a feathered seedlet
Of conviction down to me.
Here a Voice said, "Stand thou ready !
Faith a venture is at first."
Mighty Mother ! I rejoiced,
And thy oracle rehearsed :
Pierced thy accents, keener, deeper,
As the antique faith told home ;
In thy strong arms, mighty Mother !
Hold me, clasp me, and, I come !

ἄνω δὴ χωροῦσι πηγαί
τῶν βέεθρων ἱερῶν.

In my hollow palm thy waters
Quaff—I will, sweet Isis river :
Stay ! one moment ! let me kiss thee,
Beech-tree, ere we part for ever.
Flow, flow on now, laughing, rippling,
Onwards, Isis, to the sea ;
Thou shalt keep my life's deep secret
For me till eternity !

τὸ νῦν δὴ προῤῥῆτε πηγαί
καταβῆτε' εἰς ἄλαδε.

Of all the things that bind me to Old Bristol, I think that the coming across the orbit of John Bridgewater, S.J., has been that which gives me most satisfaction. If I have helped to bring once more into evidence the name of a good man, and very powerful controversialist of bygone times, it may tempt some one more learned than myself to translate and publish the invaluable little book against *Calvinist-Papists*, which is his masterpiece, and as true of our day as it was of his own.

It only remains that I fulfil a duty: that duty is that I be complete.

Father John Bridgewater entered the Society, but at what precise date I do not know. All that is certain is, that having gone back to his friend and Father, Cardinal Allen, he bade him farewell, and soon after ended his useful, self-sacrificing life at Trèves, where he is buried, as unknown by them who pass by his grave as that grave is to us his brethren.

Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

I. G.

Lions.

THE lion, *Felix leo*, is the largest and most majestic of the *Felidæ* or cat tribe, and of carnivorous quadrupeds. The backward carriage of his large head, bright flashing eyes, enormous strength, and noble appearance, together with the deliberate manner in which he regards an enemy, have led to his being universally called the "king of beasts." The distinguishing attributes are the grace of movement, resulting from his beautifully arched and rounded form, and remarkable agility; and the strength, which lies chiefly in the forepart of the body—the front legs, shoulders, neck, paws, and claws. No lion in confinement can give an idea of the majestic deportment, the large and free movement, of this animal as he roams the plains of South Africa, the monarch of all he surveys. Between the lion and the larger animals—the elephant, rhinoceros, &c.—a kind of mutual contract seems to exist, that neither shall interfere with the other.

The lion is chiefly an inhabitant of Africa, although it is found also in some of the wilds of Asia, particularly in certain parts of Arabia, Persia, and India. It was anciently much more common in every part of Asia than at present. It has also disappeared from Egypt, Palestine, and Syria.

The limbs and claws of the lion are admirably adapted for hunting; as is the strong neck, upon which the grand head turns so widely from side to side, the large quick ears, which catch the slightest sound of rustling in the grass or foliage; and the eyes provided with a mirror at the back, which reflects the faintest rays of light, however dim, when he goes forth in the evening to seek his prey in the dark. The brain of the lion is large, broad, and well developed, the face is short, with rough, long ridges on it, which support the powerful muscles that move the lower jaw up and down with a force that can either crush solid bones or mince flesh. The mouth is small and the teeth are arranged in a manner well suited to the predatory life.

1

They are all sharp, the eye-teeth being curiously long and pointed. This structure causes the peculiar pecking with which the felidæ eat their food ; having no flat-grinder teeth the sharp teeth can only act as the teeth of the carding machine to tear the food into strips. The size of these teeth is most deceptive. No one who had not seen the eye-teeth of a full-grown lion taken out of their sockets would have any idea of their immense size ; they are extremely heavy, and at first sight would be taken for small elephants' tusks.

The bristles or whiskers on each side which form the most delicate feelers and guide him like the cats, are inserted in a nest of glands under the skin communicating with a nerve, they serve to indicate any obstacle which the darkness might render invisible, and which, if agitated, might rouse the cautious animal he was endeavouring stealthily to approach.

Their smell is not very acute. The tongue instead of being soft and fleshy, a mere organ of taste, is very rough, covered with horny pimples that scrape the flesh from the bones ; therefore, the act of licking the hands and feet attributed to the grateful lion in the well-known ancient story of Androcles, and other similar anecdotes, would have been by no means a friendly greeting had it really occurred, and the popular version of this dog-like method of fawning could only have arisen in ignorance of the structure and use of the lion's tongue.

The powerful limbs are provided at their extremities with sharp curved claws, used in striking down, holding, and tearing their prey. But as they would be useless if not kept constantly sharp, in order to preserve them from contact with the ground when the animal walks, they are so contrived that to prevent the claws touching the ground they are drawn back into a sheath. For this purpose there is under the sole of the foot, and each of the toes, a soft elastic pad on which they walk with a noiseless tread, without setting their heel to the ground. At the same time the muscles of the limbs are of such force that a blow from either of the fore-paws will fracture a man's skull. Few people have any conception of the force of a lion's paw. A stroke from his paw will dash even a large beast to the ground, but it is perhaps best shown when the animal does not wish to be violent. The Rev. J. G. Wood once saw a lion with the slightest wave of his paw dash his mate—a full grown lioness—from the corner of the cage, where she was rearing against the bars, and send her sprawling on her back as if she had been a little lamb.

Such are the advantages which rendered the lion the ruler of the plains, mountains, and forests—terrestrial kings—till man appeared to hold, by force of *reason* and *will*, dominion over all. Long ages ago, as far back as the *miocene* era, huge lions called *Machairodus*, or sabre-toothed, roamed over Europe, Asia, and North and South America, preying upon the innumerable herbivorous animals, their eye-teeth, six inches long, being fitted to tearing the thick hide of the tapir and hippodrome, who with the mastodons, hippopotami, elks, moles eighteen feet long, crocodiles, kangaroos, turtles, &c., in that age occupied the valley of the Thames—the remains of which are still found with those of the great lion, in the brick clay at Ilford. When the glaciers spread over England and the north of France the lions, tigers, panthers, hyenas, &c., became extinct, or were driven further and further south by the advancing cold until they reached their present homes in warmer climes.

Before the glacier epoch great cave-lions scraped out their dens in the Thames valley among the palms and cocoa-nut trees, as they still do in their African homes where each hunts the Great Plain alone, save when his young ones are born, at which time he assumes all a father's duties, living with his mate, providing food for his family, assisting her to bring them up, teaching the cubs when old enough to hunt, trap, and pounce upon their prey, and strike it with their paws, just as the cat teaches her kittens. When they are about a year old she begins to train them to provide for themselves. The cubs are pretty playful creatures. Their weight is surprising, in proportion to their size, and they are much stronger than they appear; in fact a playful pat of their paw is a severe blow.

Lions come to their full strength at five years, but live a long time, in fact one from Gambia was known to be sixty-three years old. About the age of three, the young lions go off together in small parties till the following spring, when each secures a mate, many fierce fights taking place in their contention for some favourite lioness. In these contests they find their manes a great protection to the neck, from the sharp teeth of angry assailants. The beauty of the lion's mane is universally acknowledged; its colour varies with age, a bright tawny yellow when young, black when he reaches his full strength, and grisly in old age. There has however been a species lately discovered in Guzeras, which has but little or no mane, the limbs and tail are shorter than in other lions, the tail having also a large brush at

the end. It is fierce and bold and commits serious havoc among the cattle.

Lions are nocturnal animals, seeking their prey by night, and lying concealed in their dens during the day, but their delight is in coming forth in the midst of furious storms, adding their mighty roar to those of the elements. In their native condition, having no regular opportunity of satisfying their hunger, lions have often to fast for several days after they have consumed their prey. They also, in common with other carnivorous animals, make insects a large proportion of their food, as in their native woods, the insects are of a size that renders them very substantial provender.

Naturalists generally describe the lion as a solitary animal living by himself, or only associating with his mate and family for the time being, assaulting every other lion that happens to approach him. Other beasts are said to fly from his neighbourhood except the jackal, who seems to be retained as a kind of confidential servant, to look out for prey, or help to catch it for his master, who after he and his family have freely partaken, permits the jackal to pick the bones. But Gordon Cumming, to whom science is much indebted, frequently saw three or four lions amicably hunting together, not evincing the slightest inclination to fight each other. On one occasion he saw six full grown lions drinking together at a fountain and frolicking with one another.

Sydney Smith, referring to the supposed solitary habits of lions, says that if they could only learn to act in concert, no animals, not even man, could oppose them. However, it has been proved that they both live and hunt peacefully together, and Mr. Cumming shows that they can not only act in concert but play into each other's hands. One morning some oxen under the care of Hottentots near the waggon were suddenly left by their drivers, who had set off in search of honey, leaving them unguarded. The hunter, who was reclining in his waggon, was startled by hearing the whole herd trot in front of the waggons as if they were sharply driven, looking out he saw a lioness following them at a little distance, while her mate, a venerable lion, was seen quietly waiting in front of them, evidently placed there for the purpose of springing upon the oxen directly his spouse had scattered them by a charge from the rear. This was clearly a preconcerted plot between the two lions who must have arranged the matter beforehand, and taken advantage of the

departure of the Hottentots with both skill and cunning. It is said that lions often employ this ruse to scatter herds of wild buffaloes, so that both may be able to fall on one poor buffalo whose strength and bravery would make him a formidable antagonist if he were assailed by a single lion.

The lioness has no mane, is smaller and more slender than the male, she carries her head even with the line of the back, and lacks the majestic courage of the lion. She is more agile, and her temper is more irritable. When she becomes a mother she often loses every vestige of docility or tameness, and is in a constant state of excitement, flying into terrible rage if any one dares to touch one of her cubs.

The puma or cougar of North and South America is commonly called a lion, but he has no mane or tufted tail, and when young his pale fawn coat is striped with blackish brown; however, these marks disappear with age. He is the largest of the feline tribe on that continent, and is extremely destructive to smaller animals. He rarely attacks man, and often shows as much courage as the true lion. One belonging to Professor Jamieson, of Edinburgh, delighted in playing with a tub of water. He also romped with dogs and monkeys without the slightest interruption to their good understanding; but if a goat or a fowl came in sight, they were sure to be snapped up instantly. One night he made his escape in London, greatly alarming all passers in the streets. However, he offered no resistance when caught by a watchman. They, like the old Assyrian lions, are hunted on the Pampas by dogs; and can climb trees with the greatest agility.

Lions rarely attack mankind unless they are extremely hungry, or unless they are first assaulted. But, when once they have tasted human blood, they are said to prefer it to other food, and will seek their prey in the most determined way. Such lions are called by the natives man-eaters. Mr. Cumming tells how a hungry man-eater attacked a human being. One night three of his men, Stefolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter, returned before their comrades and laid down. In a few minutes an ox came out of the kraal and walked round, and Hendrick got up and drove him in, and then lay down again, Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under the same blanket, and Stefolus lay on the other. Cumming was then taking some broth, the fire was low, and the night dark and windy.

Suddenly the appalling voice of an angry bloodthirsty lion burst upon their ear within a few yards of them, followed by the shrieking of the men, who cried out : "The lion ! the lion !" At first it was thought he was only chasing one of the dogs, but the next instant Stefolus rushed in nearly speechless with fear, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out : "The lion has got Hendrick ! He dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him upon his head with the burning brands, but he would not let go his hold. O God ! Poor Hendrick is dead. Let us seek him." The rest of the men, who had all returned, rushed about yelling like madmen. The dogs were all set loose, and the fire renewed. The terrified men sat round the fire with their guns in their hands till day dawned, fearing every moment that the lion would come back again, and spring into their midst. Soon the dogs disclosed the position of the lion concealing himself in the neighbouring thicket, while they kept up a continual barking he occasionally sprang after them, driving them in upon the kraal, then returning to consume the body of the unfortunate man he had chosen for his prey.

It appeared that when Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to the fireside, and scarcely had he lain down when the brute sprang upon him, and having got firm hold of him by the neck, dragged him round into the dense shade. As the lion lay on his victim, the latter faintly cried out : "Help me, help me, O God !" Stefolus who, lying on the opposite side of the fire, had sprung up and belaboured the beast with the burning wood, had a narrow escape, and received two deep wounds.

It is commonly believed that if a lion has merely tasted a drop of human blood by accident, as it were, it will ever after thirst for it. So strong is this opinion in India that an officer who had a young tame lion, whom he petted and fondled, killed the creature in a moment of alarm. One night, having gone to bed with his left hand outside the clothes, he was awakened by his pet lion licking him. As the scraping of the rough tongue, though done in all kindness, brought blood, he tried to withdraw his hand. Whereupon the lion gave a low growl, and the officer snatched a loaded pistol from under his pillow and shot his favourite dead, convinced that if he escaped danger then, he should never again feel safe.

Mr. Waterton says that while animals of the dog tribe should be combated with, might and main, in their attacks on man, because from the moment they obtain the mastery, they worry and tear their victim as long as life remains, those of the cat tribe having once overcome their prey, cease for a time to inflict further injury upon it. Thus, during the momentous intervals from the stroke which has laid a man beneath a lion to the time when the beast shall begin to devour him, the man may have it in his power to rise again, either by his own exertions, or by the intervention of an armed friend. But this depends on the quiet on the part of the man until he plunges his dagger into the heart of the beast, for if he tries to resist, he is sure to feel the power of his adversary's claws and teeth with redoubled force.

The courageous conduct of Captain Woodhouse when lying under the claws is well known. He had the presence of mind to remain quite still even when the creature was crunching one of his arms. The lion finding that his victim offered no resistance, let go his arm, and lay down with his paws upon the captain's breast. In this position they remained until his companions arrived, who with a ball laid the lion prostrate by the side of his intended victim. If Captain Woodhouse had attempted to make any resistance, he would certainly have been killed; even as it was, he unthinkingly raised his hand once, when the lion quickly seized his arm once more, fracturing it in a fresh place. Usually, however, the lion is more disposed to retire from man than to contend with him.

The lion moreover is very suspicious, and sometimes shows a degree of cowardice—curious contrast to his ordinary valour. Occasionally he seizes upon a man only under the impulse of sudden fear, on coming upon him unexpectedly. Instances are recorded of lions having pounced on men through fear, and on seeing them remain passive after the attack, quietly walk away, leaving them uninjured, except it were from fright.

It is well known that the human voice has a powerful influence upon the fiercest animals. This is not so much by raising the voice in loud shouts, as by articulate words uttered with earnest force or persuasion. Mr. Cumming gives a striking instance; he had fired at a lioness, though he had only one shot in his rifle; the ball told badly, whereupon the enraged lion rushed on, lashing her tail, showing her teeth

with a loud angry roar. Mr. Cumming stood calmly before the animal, drew himself up his full height, holding his rifle, and extending his arms at full length. This checked her in her course, but she made another step forward, and Mr. Cumming felt that his only chance of escape was extreme firmness and steadiness, so standing motionless as a rock, with his eyes firmly fixed on her, he called out in a clear commanding voice: "Holloa! old girl! what's the matter? Take it easy? Holloa!" She instantly halted and seemed to reflect, upon which Mr. Cumming began slowly to beat a retreat, talking to the creature all the time, while she gazed after him and made no further attempt to pursue him.

Lions generally live on comfortable and oftentimes affectionate terms with those to whom they are accustomed, if they are treated with kindness, and will endure with good humour even rough teasing. Mr. Wood states that he saw a keeper knock a lion down, and then drag him about the cage by his ears, or pull his tail violently and tease him in various ways, to which the lion only answered with a contented kind of purr. The keeper on being asked to cut off a piece of the lion's mane, took hold of it, and pulled out a good handful, but the animal took no notice. Two more good-natured and affectionate creatures can hardly be conceived than those who inhabited a cage. A few years ago in the same menagerie there was a small boy who was accustomed to go into the den, and seemed to consider these animals his special playfellows, pushing them down and sitting upon them without any ceremony.

During part of the day, the two pet lions were engaged in a regular game of bo-beep with a young woman belonging to the menagerie, and they sprang and danced about with wonderful agility.

Lions when in captivity often make friends with some smaller animal, and so far from hurting it, will even allow themselves to be bullied by it. A large lion had a little dog in his cage, who decidedly considered himself the master of the home, and patronized his huge companion in the most condescending manner. The spectators soon perceiving the dog's propensities amused themselves by pretending to assault the lion; instantly the little creature—it was a dun-coloured terrier—flew at the assailants with the utmost fury, and then retiring to the back of the cage, sat down between his friend's paws, behind which,

being almost entirely concealed, he surveyed the scene with a lordly consequential air.

Some years ago a dog was thrown into the cage of a lion at the Tower, for his food. The noble animal however spared his life, and they lived together for a considerable time in the same den in the most perfect harmony. The dog had sometimes the impudence to growl at the lion, and even to dispute with him the food which was thrown to them, but the lion was never known to chastise the impertinent conduct of his little companion, and generally suffered it to eat quietly till it was satisfied, before he began his own meal.

There was a lioness at the Dublin Zoological Gardens a few years since, which, though born there, had an unusually large family, fifty of her cubs having reached maturity. In her old age she amused herself by watching and playing with the rats who infested her habitation. We learn from Miss Andrews that this grand queen of the desert was a fine specimen of her race, good tempered, yet possessed of a high spirit; she would appear to laugh to herself at the sight of half a dozen or more of the rats gnawing the bones left from her repast. "Nibble away, you little rogues," she seemed to say, as they nibbled and squabbled and enjoyed themselves to the no small diversion of the lioness, who not only watched their play with kindly tolerance, but often expressed her sympathy with their fun by a sleepy wink of her eyes.

But as illness and infirmities increased, the rats began to bite her claws, she being too weak to defend herself, whereon the keeper introduced a little rat terrier, whom she received with a surly growl. The terrier awed by the threat, kept quiet at a distance, but watched with keen eyes the first appearance of a rat. As one of the boldest advanced towards the old lioness, the dog rushed forward and tossed him in the air. The lioness instantly understood, and feebly and gently enticed him towards her; the terrier taking his place by her side, constituted himself her defender, and reposed at night between her paws, ever watchful that rats should no more disturb the sleep of his mistress.

Instances are known of lions dwelling amicably together in the same cage with leopards, and even with tigers. A curious circumstance occurred some years ago in New Orleans, when a bear was let down into the cage of an old African lion, the spectators expecting to see it torn to pieces. The bear instantly

bristled up, as it were, and placing himself in a fighting posture flew at the lion, but to the astonishment of every one the latter gently placed his paw upon the bear's head, as if to express his compassion, and tried to make friends with him. He not only took the bear under his protection, watching jealously every one who approached the cage, but even gave to his strangely found friend the food intended for himself, nor did he sleep till quite exhausted, so closely did he watch his new friend.

Many examples are recorded of the *generosity* of lions. The barbarous custom existed formerly on the Continent of having combats between wild animals and dogs, although they were very different from the spectacles exhibited in the days of ancient Rome. It had been arranged that a battle should take place between a lion and four large bull-dogs. The lion released from his den, stood looking round him in the arena, when the dogs were let loose. Three of them however turned tail, one alone having the courage to attack him. The lion crouching down as the dog approached, stretched him motionless with one stroke of his paw; then drawing the animal towards him almost concealed him with his fore-paws. Every one believed that the dog was dead, but very soon it began to move, and was allowed by the lion to struggle up on to its feet. But when the dog attempted to run away, the lion with two bounds reached it and showed it how completely it was in his power. Pity now seemed to move the heart of the noble creature; he stepped back a few paces and allowed the dog to escape through the door opened for that purpose, while the spectators uttered loud shouts of applause.

Many instances might be given of the gratitude of this magnificent animal to those to whom he has been indebted for any special kindness. Mr. Hope relates how one day visitors attended at the Duchess of Hamilton's to see her lion fed, and while they were teasing and provoking him a porter came to say that a sergeant with some recruits at the gate begged to see the lion. The Duchess granted permission. The lion happened to be growling over his prey when the sergeant, advancing to the cage, called, "Nero, Nero, don't you know me?" and instantly the animal raised his head, rose, left his food, and wagging his tail, went to the bars of his cage. The soldier patted and encouraged him, telling the audience that it was three years since they had seen each other, that he had taken charge of it from Gibraltar, and he was surprised and glad to see the poor beast show so

much gratitude. In fact the latter seemed greatly excited with joy, went to and fro, rubbing himself against the spot where his old friend stood, and gently putting out his paw in the most friendly way.

Another beautiful lion that was to have been sent from Senegal to Paris, having fallen sick before the departure of the vessel, was let loose to die on an open space of ground. A traveller returning home from a hunting expedition, finding him in a very exhausted condition, compassionately poured a quantity of milk down his throat. Through this timely succour the unfortunate beast recovered. From that day he became so tame, and was so attached to his benefactor, that he afterwards ate from his hand and followed him like a dog with only a string round his neck.

Mr. Felix, one of the keepers at the Paris menagerie, became so ill that another person was obliged to perform his duties. A male lion, with a female he had brought to the place, remained constantly at one end of his cage and refused to eat anything given him by the new keeper, at whom he frequently roared. He even began to dislike his female companion and would pay no attention to her. Soon the poor dejected creature showed signs of illness, and yet no one dared to approach him. At length Felix recovered and, in order to surprise the lion, went and looked in quietly between the bars. In a moment the animal with a bound leaped against the bars, caressed him with his paws, and actually trembled with pleasure. The female also, who had always been less demonstrative, ran joyfully to him, but the jealous lion fiercely drove her back, as if to prevent her from snatching any favours from the keeper. Felix then entered the cage and caressed them by turn, and from that moment had complete control over them. They would willingly obey all his commands and manifested their contentment in various ways.

Perhaps the most touching instance recorded is that of a lion befriended by St. Gerasimus. In a monastery about a mile from Jerusalem, near the River Jordan, dwelt St. Gerasimus. Returning home one day he saw a large lion on the road and was surprised to see that it limped along, keeping one foot up. As soon as the suffering animal looked upon the benevolent countenance of the Saint, he came quickly up to him, and lifting one of his legs, roared aloud, as if to let him know what severe pain he was enduring. St. Gerasimus took hold of the lion's paw and, on examining it, observed that an immense thorn had pierced it,

causing the blood to flow. Being full of compassion for the poor beast, he drew the thorn gently out of the flesh, and then taking a piece of clean linen from his pocket, he bound it round the wounded foot. When he had finished the dressing, he went on his way, thinking no more about it, but after a while, happening to look round, he saw that the lion was following him. On reaching the monastery he closed the door, supposing that he should see no more of the animal. Not so, the grateful beast stopped at the door, and from that moment could never be induced to leave the place. He soon became as tame as a dog, and no one was afraid of him. It is said that he even learnt to do useful service for the house like other tame animals. But he showed a special devotion to his benefactor, and always went with him when he walked out, in fact he would not leave him for a moment. About four years later the holy monk died, and the faithful creature missing his friend, with every appearance of sorrow, followed with the community to the grave, and as soon as the tomb was closed lay down upon it, and there he remained day and night for several days, nor could he be induced to eat or drink, and thus the devoted and grateful creature literally died of grief!

Similar stories are told of the pet lions belonging to Gottfried de la Tour and to William, Duke of Austria, whose grief at the death of their much loved masters was so inconsolable that they survived but a few days.

Though easily tamed and often bearing with composure the teasing and unprovoked cruelty of keepers, the lion rarely revenges himself, but his passions are strong and his appetites vehement. It is not wise to presume that the impression of education will always prevail, so that it would be dangerous to leave him too long without food or to persist in teasing and irritating him, or to reckon too confidently upon his forbearance—for when his anger is at last excited, the consequences are terrible. Laval tells of a gentleman who kept a tame lion in his chamber, and employed a man-servant to attend to it, who alternately petted or tormented him. This ill-judged treatment continued for some time, when one morning the gentleman was awakened by angry tones and a suppressed roar in his room. On drawing back the curtains, he beheld the lion growling over the man's head, which he had separated from the body, and was tossing round the room. He instantly called for aid, and had the animal secured. But even this fearful vengeance is not sufficient to outweigh the many

instances recorded of the lion's gentleness and submission. Even when natural ferocity returns it is rarely, if ever, exerted against his benefactor. Numberless accounts coincide to show that his anger is noble, his courage magnanimous, and his disposition grateful. He has often been known to despise contemptible enemies and pardon their insults, when he could easily have punished them. He has been seen to spare the lives of such as were thrown to be devoured by him, to live peaceably with them, affording them a part of his subsistence, and sometimes to deprive himself of food rather than deprive them of the life which he had generously spared.

The lion is not cruel, for he only kills from necessity, never killing more than he devours, while the jackal, the tiger, &c., kill without cause, and by indiscriminate slaughter seem rather to satisfy their malignity than their hunger. The numerous accounts in all ages of his generosity and kindness show that there must be a foundation for the general belief in the courage and mercifulness of the "king of beasts" as mankind seldom err in a universal testimony of this nature.

MARIANNE BELL.

Sugar-making in Demerara.

ABOUT two hundred years ago sugar was one of the rarest and dearest of luxuries, now it is one of the cheapest and most generally used of foods. In Queen Elizabeth's reign sugar was treated as a sweetmeat, in Queen Victoria's reign it is used as a manure.

Our not very remote ancestors had to sweeten what they wished sweet with honey or sweet vegetables; their drink was sweetened with malted barley or with the juice of sweet fruits.

The Chinese, who have the credit of having discovered nearly everything, are said to have been the first to cultivate the sugar cane. But as soon as the West Indies were fairly settled they had practically almost a monopoly of sugar growing.

Common belief has it that at first the juice of the cane was boiled down into a sort of syrup, somewhat as grape juice is boiled down at the present day in Portugal to sweeten wine. One day, it is said, a careless boiler upset the pot, and it was noticed that where the syrup had fallen on the white wood ashes, crystallization was the result. These persons were quicker at drawing inferences than the famous Chinaman who continued to burn his sty in order to roast his sucking pig. They immediately began to put wood ashes in the cane juice, and first made Muscovado sugar. A very easy inference caused lime to be substituted for wood ashes. Crystallization is impossible in cane juice on account of the acid inherent in it, but as soon as the acid is neutralized by a suitable alkali it readily crystallizes. Till late in the present century this simple process was the beginning and end of all sugar making, the only art being exactly to apportion the quantity of lime used to the quantity of cane juice to be treated.

Many years ago a Jesuit Father invented the copper wall, as it is still called, though iron has been generally substituted for copper this many a day. The copper wall enabled much better sugar to be made at much less expense of fuel. Formerly a

fire was put under a caldron ; the process of sugar making was begun and ended in one vessel. The Jesuit suggested that a string of caldrons or coppers communicating with each other should have only one fire, the bottom of the coppers forming the roof of the flue. The copper nearest the fire is the cleanest, the scum being "brushed" back to the first copper, that furthest from the heat, so that the cleanliness and the sweetness are just in inverse ratio.

When the cane juice has boiled enough it is ladled into coolers, then it is packed into perforated hogsheads, through the perforations of which the molasses escape, leaving in the hogshead the old-fashioned brown sugar, still the staple export of most of our West Indian Islands.

The troubles of the cultivation of the sugar cane have been numerous. At first the great difficulty was want of labour. The aboriginal inhabitants would not and could not work continuously, and the result of the different attempts at coercion ended in the extinction of nearly all the native tribes. Only very few now remain in one or two of the islands. Then sprung up the system of imported labour—slavery and the slave trade. At first slaves were as much the property of their masters as were the oxen and mules, but long before slavery was finally abolished, the slaves were conceded by right or custom many privileges.

These appear to have been the halcyon days of the West Indies. The owners of sugar estates who lived on their plantations lived in great style as small kings, they seem to have utterly disregarded all sanitary rules in the arrangement both of their houses and diet, and to this day the West Indies suffer from the reputation they acquired in those days. But soon these happy days were overclouded ; the first mutterings of the French Revolution with its talk of *liberté, fraternité, and égalité*, were heard in the French islands, at that time perhaps the most prosperous of all the West Indies. The negroes naturally considered that the new doctrines of the rights of man and the distinctive features of slavery did not coincide. The result was the conflagration in Hayti, at one time the finest colony of the French Crown, which afterwards became a mass of murder, flames and ruin, now a republic so retrograde that its inhabitants are said to worship snakes and practise cannibalism. These atrocities were quickly followed by the interminable wars between England and France, which affected the West Indies

most seriously. The islands were passed from one to another power, and all enterprise was checked and industry stifled.

The English had the best of the sea fighting and the English West Indies began to supply most of the sugar used in Europe. When Napoleon determined to shut English products from the Continent he tried his best to render France self-supporting in everything, and his gigantic mind, for which nothing was either too large or too small, resolved to foster the growth of beet and the manufacture of beet sugar. This at the time was not considered much, but it has proved the most serious blow to the West Indian trade that has ever been dealt.

Next came the abolition of slavery and the abandonment of large districts of sugar cultivation for want of labour. By this time the modern age had come and sugar like everything else was revolutionized by the invention of steam and machinery. The beet sugar manufacture was growing into a giant and was no longer a baby requiring to be carefully nursed. Nowhere has the struggle for existence in the sugar trade been keener than in British Guiana, both in cultivation and manufacture. Labour is imported from India, steam ploughs of every description have been tried, all sorts of manures experimented with. Mills and vacuum pans, stills and centrifugals, clarifiers, steam batteries, all are at work. And the whirl of machinery in a sugar factory only three hundred and odd miles from the Equator makes one imagine oneself in a cotton mill at Manchester.

Let us take an imaginary trip and visit one of these estates in British Guiana, but first, even at the risk of telling stale news, I must give a few facts.

British Guiana is a very large country of which very little is known and only a narrow fringe on the coast and a little way in the bank of the rivers is cultivated. It is divided into three counties named after its principal rivers, Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice, the port is the River Demerara, on the east bank of which is the capital Georgetown, so that the whole country is often called Demerara. There is one monotonous road up each river bank. The estates have private roads at right angles to this road. There is a railway which runs from the capital Georgetown up the east coast for a few miles (24) and stops at the Mahaica Creek (as all small rivers are called). The country is naturally as flat as a table, the only elevations are artificial embankments called dams, made by the earth thrown up in digging the

numerous canals and drains with which the country is scored in every direction.

A great depth is not required for this purpose, and the country is just about on a level with mean tides, and a front dam is necessary to keep out the sea at high water. Just as the land is only just above sea level, so the bottom of the sea is only just below. And miles from the shore the water is only about six or seven feet deep. As the country is so flat the rivers are tidal for a very great distance, generally until the first high land is met, down from which the rivers fall in rapids or cataracts.

The bottom of the sea is (as is also the land) a fine alluvial mud deposited by the gigantic rivers of South America; not a pebble is to be seen, nothing but mud more or less hard, from the coffee and milk coloured sea water to the burnt earth with which the roads are made.

The sugar estates have not only the sea water in "front" to keep out, but also the bush water at the "back" (bush, like jungle in India, means any shrub or wooded land), and if isolated they must protect their flanks also, and so the term front dam, or sea dam, back dam, and side line dam mark the confines of the cultivation. When an English farmer would talk of a ride to look at his fields, a Demerara planter would say that "he is going aback."

Well let us start on our trip. We must get up betimes, for the train leaves at seven o'clock a.m., but as every one, or at least every man, rises at sunrise, that is no hardship. We take a hasty bath, and while dressing sip a cup of coffee and eat a morsel of toast which was brought by the dark good natured "butler" who roused us. This is equivalent to the *chhotee haziri* of the East. When we come to the verandah, or galley as it is called here, we find our host already smoking a matutinal pipe and looking at the paper, for we have two daily papers in Georgetown, though what the editors find to make them of, I do not know. Making ropes out of sand would be, I should think, a comparatively easy task. The buggy (or waggon as it is named) comes round and we start, the slanting sun already hot, down the prettiest street of the prettiest West Indian town. The houses (white, with green blinds), each detached and embowered in lovely gardens, with all sorts of palms and wonderfully leaved shrubs, for the tropics are marvellously rich in plants, the leaves of which vie with the petals of the flowers of a less favoured

clime. In the centre of the street is a canal full of the large leaves and lovely blossoms of the queen of water lilies, the Victoria Regia, and on the banks are oleander trees. Down the side street are small shops exhaling the peculiar odour of salt fish, and any amount of black women with their heads tied in gaudy handkerchiefs are going to do their marketing.

We soon reach the station and are much amused with watching the motley throng. Here is the merchant, there the Portuguese shopkeeper, the planter with his brick red face, the Chinese with pig-tail, the negro, the lissom and elegantly made chocolate-coloured coolie, the mulatto and all shades of colour are there. Pale boys and girls who look as though the sun had never been allowed to see them, are talking to a large sun-burnt Scot who looks as though he were saturated with sunshine. The train is all ready to start, an engine, three cars, and a luggage van. The cars are somewhat American in appearance, being more like tram-cars than railway carriages, with seats on the top as well as inside. It is pleasant in the air, so I and my host Mr. Bustle climb to the roof, Mr. Bustle warning me not to let a tiny cinder from the funnel get in my eye nor to lose my hat, which last is an enormous felt umbrella with a church steeple in the middle, a real planter's hat. As the wind is always easterly and we are going to the east, this caution is useful. From my seat I see the buildings of Georgetown, the cathedral spire higher than all, with the statue of Mary the Immaculate looking down on the tropical city and the busy river, and the market spire made of slate coloured iron, and all the various buildings of a city of over forty thousand inhabitants. Mr. Bustle says, as though in a reverie; "All built out of the sugar hogshead. The sugar is all we have except its by-products rum and molasses, just a trifle of timber, a few thousand barrels of charcoal, and at most a million cocoanuts. These make up the exports of this country; the last bale of cotton went away in 1843, the last pound of coffee in 1846. Since then King Sugar has had no rival. And we all have our fingers in the hogshead, the whole town is sugar, we either export sugar or import the materials used for sugar, or articles required by those who grow sugar. There is nothing else. When sugar is up and rain comes down, there is not a more cheery or careless place than this; when sugar goes down and the weather is unfavourable we all get the blues. Yes, all of us, for we live by sugar, every man and every woman too. Only one industry for this country: all our eggs in

one basket, and a colony that could grow so much is almost driven to producing sugar alone. Labour is so scarce and dear that few of the labouring classes work four days in the week, none more than five, and sugar alone can stand it because we are so peculiarly adapted for growing sugar. The sugar cane after all is a reed, and reeds love drained marshes, and what else is this land but a drained marsh." Well, I say nothing to these ruminations, and by this time the whistle has given its farewell shriek and we are off. Out of the town past the enormous estate Bel Ari, past acres of land abandoned to such grass as grows self sown, grazed by the coolie's cattle. We are well in sight of the dirty looking sea. As it is high tide we can see the waves breaking on the stone wall which defends the sea dam at this part, and see the sheer mud thrown in the air. Between us and the sea is the road with a long file of carts carrying goods up the coast. I wonder how they can compete with the rail, perhaps the reason is that the stations are not very conveniently situated.

On the other side of the railway a great level expanse of acres upon acres of waving green canes looking like wheat in May, the only difference in appearance being that cane looks like a very large kind of wheat. The monotony is broken by the lines of the estates' dams, which are marked by the stately cabbage palm, the picturesque dishevelled cocoanut palm, or the graceful feather bamboo. The sites of the buildings and dwellings are marked by the tall slim chimneys of the factory and clumps of cabbage and cocoanut palms, all looking one way, blown by the constant north-east breeze. The conductor of the train walks all through it and collects tickets, and asks where passengers wish to be put down; he is a most obliging gentleman, and will stop the train almost anywhere one pleases if notice is given at the preceding station. The line is a single one, and as the train runs from one end to the other and back again three times a day, time is not such a very great object and this arrangement is most convenient. The time taken for the entire journey from Georgetown to Mahaica, the two termini, is one hour and twenty minutes, the fares are one dollar first, fifty-six cents second, and forty cents third class. So there is no great hurry as the distance is only twenty-four miles.

Mr. Bustle requests the polite conductor to put us down at the middle walk of "Nonsuch," and here I notice another peculiar custom, borrowed, I suppose, from the United States.

Everybody is always shaking everybody else's hand. If one goes into a store, as big shops are called, and knows the clerk who serves, there is a shake of the hand first, business after. Hands are thrust through little doors in the gauze partitions over the counters of public offices to be shaken before the object of one's visit is entertained, and the operation is religiously repeated before leaving. It is usual to shake hands with a person on being introduced, and on passing an acquaintance where hand-shaking is impossible, the hand is shaken *at* the acquaintance. A man driving in the streets and seeing a friend walking past, instead of nodding or touching his hat, shakes his hand and says "So long," a corruption, I suppose, of the Eastern salutation "Salaam." Well, we religiously shake hands with the pleasant conductor, who mutters some remark about the weather. For here, as in England, the state of the weather opens conversation, though without the same excuse, for the weather is most unchangeable, wet seasons with sunny days (or at least parts of the days sunny), in between, and dry seasons with showers.

In Demerara the weather knows its work and does it. No misty days, no drizzling rain. Either the sun shines with all its might, or it rains like a shower bath. Rain which records a fall of an inch an hour, and sunshine which sends up the mercury to all sorts of heights are the rule. The heat in the shade is nearly always the same, the strong sea breeze keeping it very equable, day and night. July and January show only about eight or nine degrees of difference. In the house the thermometer is always within a few degrees one side or the other of 80°, and as for the barometer, it varies so little that it is never consulted. A cool day means when the breeze is strong, a hot day means a little breeze. Sometimes in the hot season, July, August, and September, there are days or parts of days when there is no breeze, and its absence is very much felt.

The train stops at "Nonsuch" middle walk, as the centre road or dam of an estate is called, and here is the manager's "waggon" (the universally-used American buggy), waiting, with a small creole horse groomed to the last pitch, and a natty, handsome coolie groom with brilliant teeth and bright beady eyes. Here again let me digress to correct the common idea of the meaning of the word "creole." In Demerara it simply means anything born in the colony, there are creole Chinese,

creole coolies, creole whites, creole blacks, creole sheep, creole cabbages, creole horses, and creole anything else.

Mr. Bustle and I get into the waggon, and the groom perches himself on a small tray attached behind, and off we go.

We soon come to a small building with a chimney, apparently a young relation of the tall one in the distance at the factory, it looks as though it had not done growing, and Mr. Bustle asks me if I would like to look at the draining engine. On our way he explains that, on account of the lowness of the land, drainage is only possible at low water, a sluice door, called a *koker*, being opened when the sea is low to allow the drainage to escape, and closed at high water to prevent the sea water from entering the estate. As the sea is so shallow, channels have to be kept open to let the water pass.

In many parts of the colony, and more particularly on the east coast, the tides silt up these channels with drift mud, especially in dry weather, when there is no water to force them open. The crops used to suffer much from bad drainage at the beginning of the wet season, and a great deal of labour and money was expended in forcing drainage, that is in cleaning the channel of the mud, which work, moreover, could only be done at low tide.

The consequence is that many estates pump every drop of their drainage from the cultivation into the front lands which are not cultivated, from whence it finds its way to the sea. At the beginning of the wet seasons these front lands become a huge shallow lake, the level of which gets higher and higher till the pressure is sufficient to force away the mud, which is loosened in front of the *koker* by a gang of men who stand in it up to their waists and stir it up with their shovels. When one considers that an inch of rain means about one hundred tons of water to the acre, that the average yearly rainfall of the country is about eighty inches, and that the area to be drained of an estate is from one to two thousand acres or more, one can realize the enormous weight of water to be lifted. It is raised from six to eight feet.

We go into the shed and see a powerful engine, two boilers, a quantity of coal in a shed, and a well with a perpendicular shaft in it. This shaft has a disk at the bottom which, when rotated, lifts the water from the bottom of the well till it overflows at the top. The bottom is connected to a large trench which acts as a reservoir, receiving the drainage of the whole estate.

Sometimes these pumps have to work incessantly night and day for weeks at a stretch, especially in December, when the rains are as a rule very heavy. Some estates have scoop-wheel draining-pumps, which look like the paddle-wheel of an enormous steamer. Some have a Gwynne's pump. They are all very expensive and all require a very large quantity of fuel.

The quantity of fuel consumed on an estate is very great. For every ton of sugar which leaves the colony about a ton of coal is imported, and the amount of trees felled for fuel is also very great.

We leave the drainage engine and drive between the cane-fields. These on the east coast near the sea or in front are not very productive. In former days manure was but little used, and I was astonished to hear that some land has gone on giving crops of canes year after year and nothing at all returned to the soil. Mr. Bustle says that no investment of capital pays better than manure: "Lime and manure, my dear sir, never fear for them." It is true that in very dry seasons manure does positive harm, but just take ten years' crop on an estate which manures heavily, and compare it with one that does not. Artificial manures are used. Labour is so dear that it does not pay to apply manure except in a highly concentrated form.

A ton of sugar requires roughly about fifteen tons of cane. I know an estate which averages three tons of sugar per acre, forty-five tons of cane from every acre, and there is no rotation of crop, always cane.

We now come to the "negro yard," a term which has come down from slavery times. This is the collection of cottages where the labourers, mostly coolies, live. The greater part of the men have gone to their work, and many doors are shut and locked, but many graceful coolie women are walking about and talking incessantly in very loud voices. They are prettily dressed in brightly-coloured jackets, white-braided skirts, and each has a long kerchief falling like a veil from the head; this last is a wonderful piece of dress, of fine texture brightly dyed, and with a curious border of horses mounted by circus-riders following each other in long procession, or elephants and castles, bull-fights or portions of playing cards, according to the changing fashion of the year or the taste of the wearer. Beyond the huts of these Hindu coolies, we come to the cottages of the Chinese labourers, men who seem to carry a bit of China with them wherever they go, so tenacious are they

of their own customs and ways. Further on still is the estate-shop kept by a Portuguese. Beyond this shop is the "African range" of huts. Their owners are labourers born in Africa, not creoles of African descent. They are commonly called Congos or Kroomans. They are physically a fine race, much disfigured with tatoos. They are just like great children in their disposition, with a great liking for drink. They are immensely strong but very lazy, and their delight is to lie full length under the direct rays of a tropical sun all day, and dance to the melodious music of monotonous songs and clapping of hands all night. They are splendid cane-cutters, and do all work well that require much strength and little intelligence. To show how false is the idea that the black race is incapable of improvement, one has only to compare the African cane-cutter with the creole pan-boiler or engineer foreman, and this change is effected in very few generations.

There are then several semi-detached cottages inhabited by the head men, the carpenters, the blacksmiths, the coopers, &c., mostly creoles or Barbadians, but this class has been so often and so well described that I shall pass them by and say nothing about them.

We next come to the estate's hospital and will take a peep inside it. The estate's hospital is an adjunct of immigration necessary by law. Every estate that applies for immigrants to be allotted to it, must have a hospital certified by the head doctor of the Immigration Department to hold at least five per cent. of its indentured population. They are generally large buildings on high brick pillars, built north-west and north-east so as to be at right angles to the prevailing north-east wind, and situated to windward of all other buildings. They are mostly built on one plan, introduced by Dr. Shier, and their arrangements are very similar.

Under the hospital among the long pillars are a few rooms; one is the dead-house, where bodies lie awaiting interment and where also the doctor makes *post mortem* examination of those who die suddenly and on whom an inquest is necessary. Next is a bath-room, and a short distance off are two rooms together inhabited by the dispenser. There are two staircases leading to the hospital, one in front for general use and one at the back leading to the kitchen.

We walk up the first and find ourselves in a long gallery the whole length of the building, a projection at one end is

partitioned off as a dispensary ; the gallery goes round the end of the building and communicates with the kitchen. The wards open to the front gallery, and there is also a back gallery. There are three wards, one at one end for female patients and the other for male, the middle ward is generally empty, it is kept for cases that are feared to be catching, and is also used for white sailors, or any patients that, from any reason, are wished to be kept separate.

The low beds are ranged in rows, and all the patients are clad in a sort of uniform which gives them somewhat the look of prisoners. The attending these hospitals must be very monotonous work. Most of the patients suffer from the same thing, malarial intermittent fever, which though very lowering and annoying is rarely fatal. The health of an estate is chiefly dependent on its geographical position ; where the wind passes from the sea over well-drained land to the dwellings the estate is healthy, particularly if the sea is washing away the shore. Where the sea is depositing mud it is not so healthy, the mud, rich in vegetable matter, giving off unhealthy exhalations at low tide.

The most unhealthy estates are those up the rivers, far from the sea, where the trade wind has to pass over large tracts of undrained swamp, bringing agues, malarial fevers, and liver complaints with it. Near the sea there is very little land breeze as a rule, a season with much land breeze is always unhealthy as it passes over the undrained savannahs at the back of the cultivated fringe.

Leaving the hospital we drive through the gates of the manager's house, which is surrounded with a very pretty garden, part of which is laid out as a lawn for tennis, surrounded with flower-beds. The house itself is a large airy building.

Built, as are all dwellings for Europeans, on high brick pillars, under the house are rooms inhabited by servants. At the back is a stable with six stalls, above which are four good rooms. There is also a cow-house, a fowl-house, and a large pigeon-house in the yard at the back. The house itself is two storeys high, the lower one being one large room screened off into drawing and dining-room, and the gallery, part of which is shut off as a bed-room, and part of the back gallery is the office of the manager, full of papers and bottles full of samples of sugar in various stages of discoloration, from the bright primrose hue of yesterday's sample to the faded dirty white of that of the

year before last. There are also generally a few sample papers open with sugar spread to view, and ants are there in thousands sucking the colour off, at which ants are very clever: they will bleach the darkest sugar in a very short time.

On the second floor are three large airy bed-rooms and a bath-room with a shower-bath, the water of which is pumped up dirty. We mount up the front stairs and are received at the top by Mr. Macgregor, the manager, a tall strong man with deep red face and light-blue eyes, the whites of which are very bloodshot from exposure to the strong glare. He shakes hands with Mr. Bustle, who at once introduces me: he immediately shakes hands with me and says he is glad to see me, and then we walk into the gallery. This is all windows and jalousie blinds, which admit the wind while excluding the glare. Lounging chairs of every description suggest luxurious "cool outs." The windiest corner is taken up with a chair with arms so long that the feet can rest on them; close handy is a smoking-table and a round table covered with newspapers; this is obviously the manager's favourite nook. Two dogs lie on the floor and only acknowledge our arrival by a lazy wink. Mr. Macgregor immediately offers us something to drink "after our drive," but he evidently does not expect us to say yes. In this hot country one is always offered a drink as soon as the first salutations are over. On our declining any refreshment, the manager says, "that the morning is slipping away and that we had better be starting. We will ride aback," says he, "in the morning while it is cool, and after breakfast we can do 'the buildings.'" The buildings mean the factory. He touches the button of an electric bell, and as the bell sounds, a shriek of "yes sir," is heard. Mr. Macgregor smiles and says, "I only had these bells put up last year, and the boy answers the bell as he used to answer my shout." The boy comes in—all servants are boys here, except the cook and the *maitre d'hôtel*, who is called the butler—he is a smart coolie youngster of about fourteen, clad in brown drill, his jacket like the uniform of a policeman, buttoned up to his throat. "Tell Ramdeen to bring round the mules," says his master, "and bring spurs." The manager, who is dressed in blue serge trousers and white drill jacket, has his heels already provided. The boy not only brings the spurs but puts them on, and gives us each a light stick made of a tough sort of climbing plant called a "supple Jack." We mount our mules and set off. On each side of the middle walk dam down

which we rode were canes—nothing else—some ready for the cutters, long and lying down, some just starting, some being cut. Between us and the canes on each side was a trench or canal, about twenty feet wide, full of black water, which shone in the sun like a looking-glass. At distances of about one-hundred-and-twenty yards were cross canals, trenches about twelve feet wide which separate the fields. The fields are divided into beds about twelve yards wide: the beds are separated by small drains, little trenches, which run parallel with the cross canals and carry the drainage to the side line trench, which is connected to the reservoir trench at the drainage engine. Thus there are two distinct systems of canals on each estate, one called the navigation system, which is kept full for floating the punts, which transport everything, canes from the field to the factory, manure from the factory to the field, coals from the railway to the factory, and produce from the factory to the railway. The supply of water to this system is one of the troubles of an estate. The other system is that of drainage, and the getting rid of the water from this system is another of the troubles. How Mr. Macgregor told one field from another I could not tell. They are all exact parallelograms, and look as like as peas in a pod, but he did, and talked learnedly to Mr. Bustle about each—what No. 46 gave last year, what it was expected to give this, the manure used, the work done, and how a “gall” or barren part had been treated with lime and the results. The fields have no names—they are all numbered. I heard of drills and forking banks, and I know not what else. All the cultivation is by hand. Agricultural implements cannot be reconciled with the open drains. Many attempts have been made to introduce subsoil drainage and steam cultivation, but though a few estates still keep to it as a rule it has not been a success.

We rode three miles along the dam, passing the various gangs at work. Here were a lot of coolie women and the weaker men weeding: they seemed very merry, and all shouted a “salaam” and a remark that there was “too much grass.” I thought of the sun blazing then, what would it be at noon! Mr. Bustle told me that he had never heard a coolie complain of heat, but that in wet weather they all complain of cold. Most of the coolies come from the plains of India, and though there the nights are cooler, especially in the cool season, than in Demerara, the sun is very much hotter and there is not the same strong breeze to temper the heat.

We pass a field of "high canes," and a gang of black women are stripping off the dead cane leaves, technically called thrashing. "Now," says Mr. Macgregor, "if you want to feel that you are in the tropics, come with me. We dismount and give our mules in charge of a water-carrier, a boy, and cross the canal in a float. Mr. Bustle declines to accompany us and says he will wait till we return. We climb up a slippery bank, and I, to save myself from falling, lay hold of a cane, and find that the edges of the leaves are serrated and that I have given my hand a long cut just through the skin which smarts atrociously; but worse than that, the part of the leaf which is attached to the cane is covered with a sort of fur, the ends quite sharp and my fingers are covered. Mr. Macgregor only laughs and says, "I want the knack of walking through high canes." He cuts a piece of cane and advises me to rub my fingers with the damp end, saying that "nothing is better for extracting 'cane pimpler.'" I then start, and find that I had better have stayed with Mr. Bustle. The canes are planted in rows about six feet apart: the space between is called the bank: each alternate bank had had a gutter cut through it about two feet wide and a foot and a half deep called a drill, on the other was a heap of dead leaves and dry grass called a trash bank. The canes were like snakes crawling and matted all over the surface. They were full-grown and about twelve feet long, the leafy end being fully seven feet high above the ground. Mr. Macgregor walked on most coolly, separating the canes with his stick and always stepping over the "trash banks" and drills. I floundered after treading on the slippery canes, falling in the drills, which seemed specially designed to trip me up. I dreaded stepping into these trash banks—every story I had ever heard of gigantic snakes, ferocious alligators and venomous insects rising to my mind. Mr. Macgregor told me that I had nothing to fear, that the fields were far too often worked to harbour any vermin more dangerous than a rat, but I had my own opinion. The sun poured down and not a breath of wind penetrated the jungle. The unwonted exercise made me perspire at every pore, and in spite of my firm resolve not to give in, I soon was obliged to stop and suggest that Mr. Bustle would be tired of waiting. I scrambled back and could hear every pulse beating in my ears. I felt hot and thirsty and would have given very much for a glass of rain water clear and iced. I had on my way noticed that the people drank the black water of the canal, a tumbler

of which looks like weak brandy and water or tea, and I had wondered how they could swallow it. Somehow it did not seem so impossible now and I asked if it were wholesome. Mr. Bustle said that it was slightly laxative to those unaccustomed to its use, that the colour was due to vegetable matter, and the end was that I took a long delicious draught from the skillet of the water-carrier, and never have I tasted any wine more like nectar than was the draught of lukewarm and not too clean water.

We remounted our steeds and passed more fields; in some black men were cutting canes, dressed as a rule in singlet and trousers. No labourers ever wear covering to their feet while at work. Some of these singlets were in such utter tatters that I wondered whether they were worn for warmth, decency, or ornament. In other fields were the coolie shovel-men digging those same abominable drills, further on some were forking the banks, on which bye-and-bye the "trash" would be laid, forking it just as a gardener does a potatoe patch in an English kitchen garden. We passed a few saddled mules on the dam, the riders of which were the overseers at that time in the fields either seeing that the work was honestly performed in accordance with the orders given, or entering the names of each labourer and the amount of work done. I was astonished when I heard that many an overseer has to walk about two miles through those odious high canes and take down all the work before breakfast. "It is very unpleasant in wet weather," says Mr. Macgregor, "the land is so slippery and clings to one's boots, and the wet softens the skin and renders it liable to be cut by the cane blades." The name is appropriate and I quite believe Mr. Macgregor's statement. At length we reach the back dam and find a watch-house surrounded by cocoanut trees, at which I, again thirsty, cast longing eyes. The manager calls the watchman, who brings me a green nut full of the cool clear water, which the English call, from some unknown reason, cocoanut milk. There is no flesh in these young unripe nuts, only a little jelly lining; all the inside is full of this water. I notice that neither of my companions appear either hot or thirsty, and am told that drinking is merely a matter of habit. "Drinking before breakfast destroys the appetite," says Mr. Bustle. I wished it would destroy mine. Here we were, at about 10 A.M., miles from a house, and I was ravenous. I had eaten nothing but a small biscuit since my dinner at 7 P.M. on the previous

evening. I had been a drive, a railway journey, a drive and a ride, besides a scramble among those delicious high canes, and I should have liked breakfast at my usual hour, 9 A.M. It never seemed to enter the heads of my companions that we were late. The back dam is a wall of earth raised to the height of about ten feet above mean tide level: on one side is the estate, on the other a great savannah growing rank "razor grass," a sort of first cousin to the cane, a coarse sort of fern and that is all. At the time I speak of it was covered with water about two feet deep. This water seems a great trouble. It is a source of danger in wet weather. If the back dam burst the whole cultivation would be in danger of being swamped. In dry weather it disappears, and then the estates are at their wits' end to know how to get sufficient water to fill their navigation trenches, and in very dry years they have their choice either to stop grinding just when the canes are ripe and the weather favourable or to take sea water into the trenches, which injures the cultivation and damages the boilers and machinery.

I never before realized the absurd fears of the possible over population of this globe, at least for very very long. Here were we three men. To the north was a thin line of cottages between us and the ocean, to the south was the whole enormous interior of South America, almost uninhabited: just a few huts sprinkled sparsely on the banks of the rivers, the land between river and river empty.

I had expected to see all sorts of life in this savannah; I had often heard of the teeming animal life of the tropics. But if there was any animal life, it managed most successfully to hide itself. I saw nothing except a very few small birds. A great green plain, with here and there a clump of wild palms, and on the far horizon a line of low bush—that is what I saw. We rode along the back dam till we came to the side-line dam, which divides Nonsuch from the neighbouring village of "Wilberforce," so called in gratitude to the great abolitionist. Down this we rode, seeing on one side the same cane-fields highly cultivated, neat and orderly, on the other, a miserable sight, a few plantain-trees struggling with the choking grass, a few fruit-trees half strangled with parasitic vines, neglect, laziness, and want of thrift visible throughout. About half-way along, the dam was much wider, and I was told that when the estates were first laid out, the dams dividing them were very wide, so that if a second row of estates should be established, the

dams would serve as roads, and also enable trenches to be dug to drain the "second depth" estates.

On this dam a lot of "free," or unindentured, coolies had squatted. They are great hands at building houses or huts, which grow up like the palace of Aladdin, in a single night. By the way, it seemed so strange to see real people with *Arabian Night* names. To have Aladdin (here pronounced Al-a-deen) as groom, and Saladin (Sal-a-deen) as driver; with Mohammeds and Ismaels all about, like a mixture of fairy tales and the Old Testament. These houses are made of spars put close together, the walls and floor is daubed with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, laid on like cement, which is said to keep away insects, they are thatched with the leaves of palm-trees, and are preferred to the neat white pine-board cottages, with shingled roofs, provided by the estates. The coolies like them because they are said to be warm at night and cool in the day, but I fancy the real reason is, because their native huts in India are very much the same. They have a room nearly in darkness, lighted by a window that is an opening with a wooden flap, a door on the leeward side opens into the gallery, the eaves of which descend to within three feet of the ground, and the coolies stoop on entering or leaving, till they look like foxes coming from a hole. In these galleries were women, some engaged in fanning rice, or in pouring rice from one straw shovel to another, the wind carrying away the dust. Some were cooking, some nursing their children, some engaged openly in certain mysteries of the toilette which in more civilized countries would not be performed in public. The children were everywhere, and all set up a shout of *Miming, miming!* like a sort of chant. They were engaged in caining a toy *tadjah*, and playing at the Hosein feast. One carried the pagoda, made of mud, the rest beat old paraffin oil-tins as drums, and two little chubby rascals were playing at sword-exercise with sticks.

We rode past these huts, and came to the breezy pasture, low Bahama grass dotted with cattle, the line of the railway-embankment (or dam) in front, and behind that the sea-dam, marked by a dense bush of *cunida*, a sort of mangrove. This bush failed towards the east, and Mr. Macgregor informed us that he wanted us to inspect his sea-defences, and we cantered briskly down to the sea-dam. This is a broad embankment of earth running the whole façade of the estate. On the inner side is a large trench, from which the earth was dug to make

the dam, on the other a flat glistening plain of mud, covered only at high water. Where we were the sea had made encroachments, and had dug channels and holes in the mud, and a lot of money had been spent on the "sea defences." The dam had been paled off—that is, protected on the seaward-side by posts of green heart and planks driven deep, and braced with piles on the land side, and cross timbers. Mr. Macgregor told me how "groynes" had been run out, that is a sort of wooden wall made of piles and planks driven into the mud so as to break the force of the waves and protect the dam. Some are made of "bush," that is, mattresses of black logs or guava bushes are made and pinned down with spars and posts. These groynes are run out for about a hundred yards at right angles to the dam; outside the dam is also packed a quantity of "bush." But these precautions cost a frightful amount of money and trouble, and a rough high spring tide would often in a few hours destroy and carry away any amount of work. The waves rock the groynes till the timbers, driven deep in the mud, rock like gigantic loose teeth, and the water carried away the mud thus stirred up. All other means being ineffectual, it was resolved to protect the dam with stone. This is done in two ways; either by facing the dam with stone, or by running a stone dam outside of and parallel to the earth dam. All the stone has to be imported either from other lands or from the penal settlement up the River Mazzaruni. In either case it is very expensive, and Mazzaruni stone being granite, and very heavy, a great many tons make a very little show! At first the stone was just tumbled out of the vessels (generally flat-bottomed square punts, with one mast), but it sank in the mud, and had to find or make a foundation, so that more stone was below the mud than above. Then the stone was put on bush mattresses, and this plan has been found most economical and effective.

By this time it was after eleven, and we turned homewards and rode up the middle-walk dam at a rattling canter to the manager's house. When we arrived I could scarcely crawl up the steps, I was so stiff.

"Swizzles, sharp!" cries Mr. Macgregor, "and ring the breakfast bell."

The boy soon brought in three small tumblers full of a pink liquid with a foaming head, iced perfectly. The swizzle proved to be a most delicious drink.

We had hardly finished it when the overseers came up the stairs, five strong young men, all sunburnt and healthy-looking, the palest being the overseer in charge of the buildings. Introductions and hand-shakings having been duly performed, we went into the dining-room and sat down to a Demerara "breakfast." The "breakfast" consisted of salt cod-fish with egg-sauce, potatoes, cassava, and plantains, followed by curried fowl, cold salt-beef, and a stew, and ending with tea, bread and butter, this last being I suppose a kind of commemoration of the English breakfast. Breakfast is the chief meal of the day with the planters. After having done thorough justice to it, we all went out for a smoke in the cool gallery or verandah. Cool as it was in the shade, there was a terrible glare of sunshine out in front of us, and lounging and smoking in my easy chair I felt a pleasant dreaminess, and thought that I never before understood as I did then the poem of the Lotus-eaters and the land where it was always afternoon. There we sat smoking and chatting, some of us even dozing a little, till near two o'clock, when Mr. Macgregor called the boy, who brought us three tumblers of iced lemonade, made of lime-juice, sugar, and water, one of the nicest drinks for a hot climate that has ever been devised, fresh limes have a bouquet that no lemon has, still less does preserved lime-juice give any idea of it. Then we walked off to take a turn through the buildings. On reaching them the first thing I noticed was the row of cane punts in the water-way—long, narrow, flat-bottomed boats, holding about three tons each, with plenty of water (that is, about three feet), a mule will tow four of these at the rate of about a mile an hour. These punts lie alongside the cane-carrier, which is two endless chains with wooden slats fastened on them, men in the punts throw the canes in the carrier, which moves by machinery, carrying the canes on it into the buildings. It takes about fifteen tons of cane to make a ton of sugar, and about one man is allowed for each ton made a day, so that each man lifts about fifteen tons of cane breast high every day. The canes are carried to the mill, which has three rollers, two below and one above, which grind them. The mangled canes are called megass. At "Nonsuch" this megass falls into another carrier, which carries it to another mill alongside of the first, this second mill has also a cane-carrier, so that in case of any accident to the first this can grind canes, the megass is automatically spread on the rollers of this mill, which is as powerful

as the first, and this again squeezes it. I was told that on many estates the megass is steamed and sprinkled with hot water on its way from the first to the second mill (a process called maceration, introduced by Mr. Russell, of Leonora). I was also told that the first mill expressed on an average 68 per cent. of the weight of the canes, and the second mill 7 per cent. more, making a total of 75 per cent. The megass, after this second crushing, falls on another carrier, which conveys it direct to the furnaces where it is burnt at once.

Formerly, and still on many estates, this megass used to be packed in large buildings called logies to dry, whence it was carried on women's heads to the furnaces. We next went to the clarifier-loft, in it were boxes constructed to hold seven hundred and fifty gallons each. The juice is pumped into them through a juice-heater, which last is a cylinder full of steam, through tubes in which the juice passes. In the clarifiers the juice is treated with the lime necessary to counteract its acidity, the lime is quick-lime mixed with water to the consistency of cream. Many attempts have been made to defecate the cane-juice by galvanic action, which, it was hoped, would supersede lime, and although partial success has attended laboratory experiments, yet lime is still universally used in factories. The cane-juice enters the clarifiers a turbid stream, but on being treated with lime and subsided, it leaves the clarifiers quite clear-looking, something like beer. It was then subjected to the fumes of burning sulphur, which bleach out the natural green tint of the juice. It then entered a battery, or several vessels heated with steam, where it is quickly boiled. This is done to coagulate the albumen which rises as scum, and supersedes the old-fashioned copper wall. The men doing these various operations were mostly coolies, with a few black supervisors. I was told that men educated in European sugar refineries are not a great success; they never seem to learn that they have not a mixture of sugar and water to deal with, as at home, but the juice of a plant which consists of sugar, water, and many other component parts.

Besides, Europeans out in Demerara are as it were exotics, and have to be treated as such, and exotics are always expensive.

On old-fashioned estates, instead of a steam-battery a copper wall is used, heated by the flames of burning megass, this as already stated is a row of caldrons with a flue below. On very old-fashioned estates and in the West Indian Islands the whole

process is finished on this wall, the juice being boiled to a thick treacle-like fluid, which on cooling crystallizes. At Nonsuch the juice was only boiled in the open for a short time till it ceased to throw up scum, it then passed into certain vessels where it was allowed to subside, and after that enters the "triple effet," a complicated arrangement of three large vessels which are heated by steam. There is an engine attached which produces a vacuum in vessel no. 3. The steam from the juice boiling in the vessel being condensed in a separate vessel, with a jet of cold water which is removed by pumps. The steam of the juice boiling in no. 2 is the steam which boils the juice in no. 3, and the steam of the juice boiling in no. 1 is the steam that boils no. 2. The clear juice now called liquor is admitted to no. 1, after boiling a time it is passed to no. 2, then to no. 3, from which it passes to the vacuum pan. The "triple effet" is not emptied, it is always being filled up, and the juice as it were passes through it. The vacuum pan is slightly different, the vacuum is very high and it is charged from time to time with the syrup from the "triple effet" till it is full of sugar, then it is emptied or half-emptied. The vacuum is produced by the aid of a condenser, into which a jet of water is thrown which is removed by powerful pumps. The object of boiling in vacuum is to evaporate with the lowest possible heat, and also to produce the largest possible crystal, when large-grained sugar is in request. When in the vacuum pan the sugar is coloured, some estates use sulphuric acid, but as that destroys a certain amount of sugar many use a dye called bloomer, the exact composition of which is kept secret by the patentees, this colours the sugar yellow.

The vacuum pan is emptied into coolers, from whence the *masse cuite*, as it is called, is carried to the centrifugals. As the names show, many of these apparatuses were invented by the French.

Nonsuch had six centrifugals; three were Weston's patent hanging centrifugals, and three were old-fashioned ones. The first were used for the first sugar, the latter for molasses sugar.

It was a pleasure to see the rapid way in which the Chinese worked at curing sugar. The Weston's machines spin at an enormous speed, and the molasses in-driven by centrifugal force through the holes in the lining of the baskets, in a few seconds leave the sugar dry and ready for the broker's sample-table and the grocer's counter.

Mr. Macgregor said that when these centrifugals were first erected, there was much attention given to the best way of getting the *masse cuite* from the pan to the centrifugals, or rather to the pug-mill which stirs up the *masse cuite* before it flows to the centrifugals.

Neither he nor Mr. Spofforth had thought of a good way, and in the meantime they expected that the Chinese would have carried it. As soon as the Chinese came, they rigged up a slippery green heart plank, with ridges at the edges, and down this slid the buckets full of *masse cuite*, which were returned up a similar plank with one good shove. This plan has answered so well that no more scientific one has ever been substituted.

The molasses from this sugar is treated according to the markets. When deep yellow sugar is in fashion, a certain amount is reboiled to colour the syrup sugar. When low sugar is selling well, it is boiled into a second sugar called molasses sugar, which is something like the old Muscovado sugar. When sugar is low and rum sells well, the whole is sent to the distillery. All the skimmings, subsidings, &c., are collected in a vessel, where it is boiled up with steam and then forced by a pump into a filter press; the filtered juice comes away quite clear, the dirt is left, when the press is opened, dry and hard, like oil-meal cake, and even that is sometimes washed by having water passed through the filter-presses after the subsidings. Even this is not wasted, being mixed with lime and sent as manure to the field. The molasses is mixed with water, and pumped into large vats in the "liquor loft," where, after it has duly fermented, it is distilled into rum.

Rum and molasses are called the "offal crop," and it is not a feather in a manager's cap to make much of it. When low-class sugars sell well, and the molasses is reboiled, but very little is made, and the advocates of galvanism predict that the use of that agent instead of lime will one day still further reduce it. The presence of the ferment in cane-juice, and the climate, always favouring fermentation, are difficulties that attend the making of cane sugar as compared with beet; beet is treated in a colder climate, and is naturally less disposed to fermentation. Another trouble is, that canes will not keep well after they are cut, and this makes any accident in the factory result in great loss, the reserve of canes cut always deteriorating rapidly, and if the accident takes long to repair, the canes are liable to be utterly spoilt.

The "Nonsuch" buildings are about the best in Demerara. About two years previous to my visit, a thief, attempting to steal rum from the rum store, set fire by carelessness to the rum, and the whole of the buildings were utterly destroyed. This was regarded at the time as a great misfortune, but now "Nonsuch" has a fine set of works, beautifully arranged, and worked with very few hands instead of, as is unfortunately too often the case with West Indian factories, a mass of machinery heaped together on no plan, one part of which is probably much stronger than another, and to work which requires many more labourers than necessary, and over which proper supervision is most difficult.

As soon as I had seen all that I could, we returned to the house, and I asked Macgregor to play something, as he had spoken so much of his love for music. He at once sat down to the piano, and began a dreamy waltz of Chopin's. While he was playing, a squat, long-haired, copper-coloured man glided in, dressed in a pink cotton shirt, and ornamented (?) with blue tattoo marks. He sat down on an unoccupied chair, touched one of the keys, and when he heard it sound said, "Good, massa." The manager looked up and said, "How dye." He told me that this man was a "buck," or aboriginal Indian, and that there were probably several at the back door with hammocks, parrots, crab-oil, and cassarup to sell. We went to the back galley, and found about six. Our friend was the only one who had conceded so far to civilization as to wear a shirt. The rest were tatooed, and had birds in wicker-work baskets, honey and cassarup, bows and arrows, and blow-pipes; but their costume was a morsel of blue cloth, fastened to a piece of string round the waist. The women wore strings of beads and strings of the teeth of wild hogs, and one had a small quantity of "tigers' " teeth and claws. Their clothing consisted of a small bead apron about the size of a sheet of letter-paper. One indeed wore a petticoat tied round her neck instead of round her waist. We admired the birds, &c., and asked what they wanted. The gentleman in the shirt, who appeared to be the only one who spoke any English, said, "Want sugar, want rum; good-bye." He never smiled when making remarks. Mr. Macgregor called them all in, and told the butler to give them something to eat, and they began to eat bread and salt beef. The spokesman sat at table, the men stood round, behind stood the women, to whom the men handed food over their shoulders.

I was astonished at their cool manner, but Mr. Macgregor said that when white people went into the bush they walked into the Indians' houses, and expected to be fed, and that the Indians expected to be treated just the same when they came down to the Coast.

These people do no continuous work, and are of no use as labourers on a sugar estate. They very rarely appear on the East Coast, as they only care to travel by water, but they are very commonly seen near the creeks and rivers. They are most stolid and immoveable, they appear to notice nothing and admire nothing; but it is said that nothing escapes their notice, and they, like the Red Indians of North America, to whom they are probably a sort of cousins, can track game by marks in the forest which are totally invisible to the white man's eye. This they do without an effort, just as we without an effort gather sense from a page of print meaningless to the uneducated.

As soon as these good people had gone away—and they left very soon without a word of thanks, and apparently not very well pleased at not having been offered a "schnapp"—some of Macgregor's neighbours arrived, and we adjourned to the garden for a game at lawn-tennis. I preferred looking on, and soon we had to say good-bye, and drive away to catch the train to Georgetown.

S. BELLAIRS.

Caricature.

THE genius of modern satire seems to prefer the pencil to the pen. Trenchant, satirical articles we have in plenty, but they are lost and forgotten in the mass of journalistic literature. It is rather surprising that in this age of intellectual and literary activity, we have no regular satires—none, at least, which are likely to live like those of past generations. The time seems to have gone, never to return, when the adhesion or defection of a clever pamphleteer was a thing of importance to a Ministry. The historian of the nineteenth century who wishes to look at our age from the humorous side will not ransack the files of old journals, nor will he find much to help him in the works of any novelist now living. He will turn to the cartoons of Tenniel and Sambourne, the social sketches of Keene and Du Maurier. It is possible that he will not laugh at them as we do; for time seems to destroy the laughter-compelling power of all but the best efforts of wit and humour, and even these it greatly weakens. But he will see there, as in a glass, not only the vagaries, the foibles, the affectations of our time, but political events and situations which could not easily have been made so clear by any description in words.

True caricature, as distinguished from mere grotesque drawing, concerns itself with persons or types of persons actually existing at the time. When the German jesters of the sixteenth century drew the devil with his horns, hoofs, and tail, caught in a trap, or put to rout by a priest, they were not caricaturists. When they drew foxes and wolves in the habits of monks, or pictured Luther in some ridiculous situation, they were beginning to walk in the new path. From Germany the art spread to France, and from France to England; and here it may be said to have found its home. From the time when the Cavalier wits made fun of the dress, attitudes, and looks of the Puritan leaders, to our own day, there has been a succession of clever draughtsmen who have given us a kind of comic history of

England in sketches. The greatest name connected with the art in modern times is of course that of Hogarth. But Hogarth was also a great satirist in the higher sense of the term. He held up to contempt the vice and frailty of humanity; we do not laugh at his pictures, humorous though they are. It is only when he draws the public characters of his time, or bids us laugh at the follies which he saw around him every day, that he can be claimed by caricaturists as one of their brotherhood. Modern caricature really begins with Cruikshank; and it is a curious instance of the fleeting power of the ridiculous, that though we admire the vigour and accuracy of Cruikshank's drawings, we no longer laugh at them. The preposterous bonnets, the immense sleeves, the corkscrew ringlets worn by women in his time, and the absurd coats and neckcloths of the men, make us wonder at the curious taste of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, but they are already too far removed from us to seem very funny. Leech depended more on the little weaknesses of humanity than on mere externals for the subjects of his pencil, and hence his drawings have a more lasting interest. But time is already beginning to rob his inimitable sketches of something of their power to touch our sense of the ridiculous. The girls in their pork-pie hats or spoon-shaped bonnets are true English girls, but they are not like the girls we meet every day. The portly female with her umbrella and her bundles is not a feature of our streets as she once was. The street arabs are not so lively or so witty as they seem to have been thirty years ago. Even Mr. Briggs has changed. He has learned to affect a greater reticence, and is no longer simple, straightforward, energetic in his sports, and indifferent to the world's opinion, as he once was. The dandies, too, have changed. It is impossible to imagine a modern "masher" saying to his friend: "What a miwaculous tie, Fwank!" and receiving the reply: "Ya-as; but then, you see, I give the whole of my mind to it." Types of character change insensibly from day to day and from year to year, so far, at least, as their outward seeming is concerned; and we have no longer that close acquaintanceship with the originals of Cruikshank's and Leech's sketches which enabled their contemporaries to see at a glance with what comical fidelity these masters of drawing mimicked the affectations and mannerisms of their time.

In the field of political caricature, English art is at least as rich as it is in that which belongs to social life and manners,

Gillray and Rowlandson belong chiefly to the close of the eighteenth century, and their names are beginning to be forgotten. It may be said, generally, of their work that it was distinguished by greater bitterness and less breadth of humour than that of their successors. It is difficult to believe that a caricaturist more fertile in invention, more humorous in idea, or more ready and skilful in execution than Richard Doyle will ever arise in England. His work, indeed, is likely to last longer than the names of some of the Ministers who figure in his sketches. It seems to defy our sense of remoteness from the political incidents which he immortalized, and forces us to laugh in spite of ourselves. Any one who, on turning a page, comes to a drawing of a Cabinet Council in which the Duke of Wellington's colleagues are the Duke of Wellington himself under his various titles, understands the situation and the joke without any need of an interpreter. The most praiseworthy feature, perhaps, of "H.B.'s" political caricatures is that they are so full of geniality. His satire is often biting, but it is seldom bitter. His primary object is never to give pain, but to express the whimsical ideas and merry conceits that were continually arising in his mind.

In this respect he has been faithfully followed by those who in our own day have succeeded him as the leaders of English caricature. The pencil was never wielded with less fear of unpleasant consequences than it is at the present time; and very seldom is this freedom abused. It is a healthy symptom when statesmen can afford to stand the shafts of ridicule without losing a tittle of the respect in which they are held, and when public opinion is felt to be an amply sufficient guarantee against any unfair use of the license. Any approach to coarseness, any details touching upon the private life of public men, would be resented by the country at large almost as much as they would be by the objects of such lampoons. So far as a man shows himself to his fellow-men in public he is a fit subject for a humorous sketch, but no further. Some men by the plainness and directness of their speech, the natural simplicity of their demeanour, and their avoidance of eccentricity, give very little opportunity to even the keenest sighted among the brothers of the pencil. On the other hand, any affectation of dress or of manner, whether it be in the direction of roughness or of refinement, is sure to be pounced upon and made the most of. Caricature lives by these little failings, or rather by the dex-

terous use of them ; and those whose feelings are so sensitive that they are conscious of any real annoyance at seeing their peculiarities put in a ridiculous light, are too thin-skinned for public life. The tendency of civilization, indeed, is to reduce everything like eccentricity to a minimum. As knowledge spreads, men learn to bring themselves more and more nearly into unison with one of several well-recognized types. Inter-course with each other tends to rub away men's corners, till individuality is so rare that it is often suspected of being itself half affectation. Most men are afraid of nothing so much as of departing even by a hair's breadth from the path sanctioned by custom ; and, by a natural reaction of feeling, the few who dare to be original are apt to let their dislike of the commonplace carry them into extremes. The all but universal obedience which is paid to the conventional idea of correctness limits the area within which the caricaturist can work, and demands from him a greater power of seizing upon subtle characteristics than was necessary when characteristics were more pronounced, or were allowed to declare themselves more freely in such things as dress and general demeanour. The caricaturist of to-day must be something more than a skilful draughtsman with a strong sense of humour. He must know the men and women of his generation so thoroughly as to be able to see the oddities and vanities which underlie the apparently correct and impassive exterior. He must be able to draw upon his knowledge of literature for allusions, and appropriate or ridiculously inappropriate quotations. He must have all the qualities of a satirist except that of verse-making. He must be able to draw a portrait under a hundred different conditions, and able to accentuate an expression or a feature without falling into positive exaggeration. Above all, he must have an innate sense of propriety and a never-failing geniality of mind ; so that, when he holds up the mirror to his fellow-men, each one who recognizes his own portrait may be able to laugh as heartily as the rest of the world.

The Lindsays.

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

As the weeks went by, Mr. James Lindsay grew slowly more feeble. He was no longer able to go out of doors, and he seldom left his room. He became more querulous and more capricious; and this disposition blinded his friends to his real danger.

But Dr. Sheepshanks saw the truth. He saw, also, that his patient had no idea that he was drawing very near the end of his life. And when a chance remark made the doctor aware that the old man had not yet made his will, he thought it was his duty to tell Miss Lindsay what the state of things really was.

"Danger!" she exclaimed, startled and shocked by the doctor's words; "it's not possible!"

"I am afraid there is no doubt of it, my dear madam."

"But he's not an old man—not to say old. His father lived to ninety-three; and two of his uncles were past eighty."

Dr. Sheepshanks only shook his head, with a grave professional smile.

"I never thought there was muckle wrang wi' him."

"It is my decided opinion," said the doctor, "that Mr. Lindsay is not likely to live long. I think he ought to be told so, and advised to put his affairs in order."

And thereupon Dr. Sheepshanks took his leave.

Miss Lindsay sat perfectly still for some minutes. She reproached herself for making light of her cousin's complaints; and felt that she was almost humiliated in being forced to bring to the invalid the unwelcome tidings. But it was clearly her duty. She rose suddenly, and went upstairs to his room.

"How are ye, Jeems?" she asked, sitting down by the bedside.

"Vera frail, Jean; I doubt I'm no long for this world.—Did the haddies come frae Dundee?"

'Yes—but—the fact is, Jeems, I doubt ye're waur than I thocht ye."

The sick man closed his eyes with a contented sigh. It was satisfactory to find that his obdurate relative at last believed that he was really ill. Miss Lindsay wanted to make some apology for her former attitude, but apologies did not come readily to her tongue.

"We ought a' to be prepared for our hinner en', Jeems," she said at last.

Mr. Lindsay opened his eyes suddenly, and stared at his cousin. Such words from her meant something.

"What maks ye say that?" he asked.

Aunt Jean moved uneasily in her seat and cleared her throat before replying.

"Weel, ye're no sae young as ye were, and life's an uncertain thing, and ye're vera far frae weel."

The old man again closed his eyes, with a resigned expression of countenance. He had no idea of the truth. His cousin saw she must speak plainly.

"And the doctor said I had better warn you."

The old man opened his eyes with a start, and stared at his companion. A look of horror crept into his face. He tried to speak, but the words would not come.

"Did the doctor say that?" he asked in a whisper.

"He did that," said the old lady. "I thought it was no kindness to hide it from ye, James." And after moving about restlessly for a few moments, she escaped from the room.

There was not a sound but the faint crackling of the coals in the grate, and the soft fall, now and then, of a cinder into the ashes.

He was to die. Few men can hear the sentence unmoved, and James Lindsay was at heart a coward. He trembled at the thought of facing the unseen world—trembled as a murderer when the long-expected hand is suddenly placed on his shoulder.

For more than an hour he lay still, and his thoughts wandered back to the time when he was a ragged urchin at a little village school. He remembered the schoolhouse well—the great tree under which he used to play. He remembered cheating a school-fellow once, and the thought of it troubled him. He wished he

had confessed it and made restitution. It was impossible to make restitution now.

Then he saw himself a lad working for weekly wages. He recollected the happy accident which had given him the opportunity of making a fortune. He had been bold and energetic, and he had had his reward. Wealth, exceeding his wildest dreams, had been his. What good had it done to him? How few had been his pleasures! How empty his life! And now he must leave it, and go forth into the darkness alone.

He tried to remember his good deeds, his church-going, his subscriptions to this or that fund, but they seemed to be all parts of the ordinary round of his existence, things he would have been ashamed not to do. Once, on a wet day, he had given a shilling to a beggar-woman, and she had blessed him for it. He was glad to think of that—but oh! it was such a small thing!

He was startled by a knock at the door. It was Alec. The dying man looked at him with envy and something of bitterness. What would he not give for the lad's health and strength, for the years he had yet to live?

"Alec," said the old man suddenly, "I want you to write a letter for me. Don't say anything about it: mind that. Write to Dr. Mackenzie, the Reverend Robert Mackenzie, D.D., the Free Gorbals Church, Glasgow, and tell him I want to see him instantly."

The letter was soon written and despatched; and then James Lindsay felt somewhat easier.

It was Saturday afternoon when the letter reached Dr. Mackenzie's hands; and it sorely perplexed the worthy minister. If he were to put off his journey till Monday morning, he could not reach London before Monday night, and the delay might offend the rich man mortally. But starting at once would force him to intrust his flock to a very inferior preacher, and would, besides, involve the sin of travelling on the Sabbath. No doubt, if Mr. Lindsay were ill, the case would come within the saving clause of "works of necessity or mercy." He would then be justified in beginning a long journey on Saturday night. But how was he to be sure of Mr. Lindsay's state of health? He felt angry with the writer of the letter for not foreseeing the difficulty and giving more accurate information. Then he remembered that Mr. Lindsay had gone abroad for the sake of his health. What more likely than that he was very ill?

Dr. Mackenzie finally determined that it was an exceptional case, and that it would be clearly a work of mercy to hasten at once to the rich man's bedside.

He hunted up a minister, who made a scanty living by filling the pulpits of his more fortunate brethren on emergencies like the present, and engaged him to preach twice at the Gorbals Free Church on the following day, and left Glasgow (not without some lingering doubts as to the legality of his proceedings) by the evening mail.

On Sunday forenoon he was standing by the bedside of his old acquaintance.

"It's very kind of ye to come, Doctor," said Mr. Lindsay, in a feeble voice, "but the Lord 'll reward ye."

The minister thought that a mere earthly reward, at least to the extent of his travelling expenses, would likewise be desirable; but he merely answered:

"I'm sorry to find you going down the hill, Mr. Lindsay."

"Ay, it's a road we maun a' travel, Doctor. They tell me I'm near the end o't."

"And I trust you are at peace in your mind?"

"Not as I would like—not as I would like to be, Dr. Mackenzie."

"Ye should rest on the promises, my friend," said the minister, and he repeated various texts of the Bible bearing upon the forgiveness of sins.

The old man listened almost impatiently. "I ken a' that," he said, as the minister ended. "I have na been an elder of the Free Kirk thirty years for nothing. But how am I to ken they apply to me?"

"They are for all men," answered the minister.

"Just so; but all men are not saved."

"Because they do not believe."

"If I believe I'm saved, I *am* saved? That's about it, it seems to me."

"I wouldn't put it in that way. There is such a thing as false assurance."

"Then, how am I to know that mine is not a false assurance?" and the old man looked anxiously in the minister's face.

"You have only to accept forgiveness as a free gift, and it is yours," said the other, falling back on his formula.

"But surely I must repent of my sins?"

"Of course."

"But I don't know that I do repent—that is, not as I should. And after all, Doctor, it's not what I have done that troubles me, so much as what I have not done. You don't remember any texts, now, bearing on that?"

Dr. Mackenzie frowned, and took a pinch of snuff.

"I can't just say that I do—not at this moment," he said at last. "But I don't think you have any cause to reproach yourself on that score, Mr. Lindsay; you have always subscribed liberally to the Sustentation Fund, the Aged Ministers' Scheme, and the Missionary Society. I don't think you have any special cause for alarm."

But the sick man looked dissatisfied.

"I've been thinking, Doctor, what I should do wi' my siller," he said. Dr. Mackenzie was all attention. "I've none nearer me than Lindsay o' the Castle Farm; and he's a man of nearly my own age. He doesna want a great heap o' siller. If I leave him enough to free his land, and may be buy back one o' the auld farms, it will be plenty. Then there's my nephews. What would be the use o' making these young men rich all on a sudden? They would only waste the money. Better to let them work for it."

"I quite agree with you," said Dr. Mackenzie, heartily.

"I'm not so rich as folk say," went on Mr. Lindsay, "but after providing for my relations in a small way, I have a good deal left. Doctor, do you think it would mak' up for things a bit, if I was to leave five hundred thousand to the Free Kirk?"

The minister was more than astonished. He started, and drew a long breath.

"What do you think?" asked the old man, anxiously.

"I canno just say it would 'mak' up for things.' We have no merits of our own, ye ken. They are all but filthy rags. But it's a grand idea, and well worth tryin'!"

This was not the solid encouragement which Mr. Lindsay had hoped for.

"It will doubtless redound to your credit, and win ye an increase of glory," said the minister again, noticing his penitent's disappointed look.

The sick man sighed. He would have been satisfied at that moment if he could have felt certain of a very moderate share of glory.

"You think so?" he asked anxiously.

"I am certain of it."

"Then I'll do it!" exclaimed the old man, striking his fist on the bedclothes. "I'll send for a lawyer the first thing in the morning. How do you think it should be left?"

"I would vest it in trustees, for the general purposes of the Church, to be used at their discretion."

"Very well. Will you be one of the trustees?"

Dr. Mackenzie was prepared for this question, and he had already decided to decline the honour. He did not see how even the smallest pecuniary benefit would flow to him from accepting it.

"I think I would rather not," he replied. "One should always appoint young men as trustees. But, if you have no objection, I would consent to be secretary to the trust. If you were to mention my name in the will, now, just recommending me to the trustees as their secretary, I would really be much obliged."

"I'll do that," said Mr. Lindsay. He quite understood the minister's reasons for choosing the humbler post, and thought none the less of his friend for this display of prudence. "Of course you'll stop here as long as you can; it will be a comfort to me. I'll tell Miss Lindsay to get your room ready."

Dr. Mackenzie said that he would, and reflected, as he went downstairs, that it would be a comfort to himself to stay till the will was duly executed.

In the library he found Alec, who often found his way to Claremont Gardens on a Sunday morning, partly because it was an excuse to himself for not going to church alone, partly because there was always a chance that he might be able to accompany Miss Lindsay and Laura to some place of worship. On this occasion he had been disappointed. No one had stirred out since the morning; and he was idly turning over the pages of the *Saturday Review* when the minister entered the room.

"I believe you are Dr. Mackenzie," said Alec, getting up and holding out his hand.

"Yes. I don't remember to have had——"

"Oh, it was I who wrote and asked you to come."

"Ah! just so. You have not gone to church to-day, Mr. Alexander."

"No," returned Alec shortly, returning to his seat.

"Whom do you generally sit under in London? Dr. Bruce? or Mr. Martin?"

"Neither. I sometimes go to St. Paul's, oftener to Westminster Abbey."

Dr. Mackenzie frowned heavily. "Is the Gospel preached there, Mr. Alexander?" he said in a tone that was meant to be one of deep solemnity.

"I really can't say. I suppose so."

"You go chiefly for the music perhaps."

"Partly, no doubt."

"For the gratification of a sensuous taste! the indulgence of a carnal delight! There is no spiritual worship in such places—none! It is turning the house of God into a concert-room; nothing less! Ah! this country was never properly reformed. It was done in a very half-hearted way. We want a new Reformation, that shall sweep away the remnants of idolatrous practices that yet defile what is nominally Protestant worship."

The minister walked up and down the little room in his excitement, gesticulating as he went, to the manifest peril of a statuette on a bracket.

Alec rose, and gravely removed the ornament to a place of safety.

"No great harm if the heathen image had been knocked down," said Dr. Mackenzie, grimly. "And let me tell you, young gentleman, that the best of Scotland's sons have been those who were loyal to her reformed and Scriptural form of church government and public worship."

"Perhaps so," said Alec, seeing that he was expected to say something. "I know a good many, however, who have not done so."

"You know a good many young Scotchmen in London, perhaps?"

"A good many."

"And are not those who are faithful to their early training, Sabbath-keepers, church-goers—I don't mean church-concert-goers—are they not respected and prosperous, and successful in their business?"

"They are," said Alec, "and not one of them now believes what he was brought up to believe."

"What? What do you say? How can you decide on a point that must lie between each man and his Maker?"

"Because I have asked them," answered Alec. "Each chooses his own road. Some differ from the orthodox Presby-

terian belief on one point, some on another, but none hold it in its entirety."

"There are many non-essential points," began the minister; but he was not sorry that at this point the door opened, and Miss Lindsay, followed by Laura, entered the room.

Presently luncheon was announced, and Semple, who was just then paying one of his frequent visits from Glasgow, joined the others on their way to the dining-room.

The minister's "blessing" was of a kind hitherto unknown in Mr. Lindsay's abode. He prayed for the master of the house, and for all his necessities, and for various spiritual and temporal blessings for each member of the household. Suddenly he seemed to remember the object with which he had started, and came to an abrupt conclusion with an adaptation of the usual formula.

Various subjects of conversation were begun in a languid way, but Dr. Mackenzie ingeniously and successfully turned them all into a religious channel in a very short space of time. He did not approve, upon principle, of any conversation on Sunday upon matters of a more profane nature than the merits of popular preachers, the existence or non-existence of Sunday Schools and Bible Classes in various places, the spread of Presbyterianism in England, and similar topics. As soon as any one wandered away to secular subjects, Dr. Mackenzie went out, and headed him, so to speak, and drove him back.

The meal proved, in consequence, a dull one, and matters did not improve when it was over and the little party returned to the library.

"Folk don't keep the Sabbath as they used to do in my young days," said Miss Lindsay, with a weak attempt to propitiate the minister.

"So much the worse for them, ma'am," said Dr. Mackenzie.

"When I was a young woman, everybody attended both diets of worship. Walking for pleasure on the Sabbath, reading story-books, and the like, was never heard of."

"Of course not; but the old godly ways are deserted now. Do you think it is a right thing to read such a paper as that on this holy day?" he continued, speaking to Alec, who had thoughtlessly picked up the *Saturday*.

"I see no harm in it," returned Alec shortly. He looked up and saw Semple, who (fortunately for him) was out of Dr. Mackenzie's range of vision, lay down one of Ouida's novels, making a grimace at Laura as he did so.

"You defy the law of God, then, and choose the portion of the Sabbath-breaker. You——"

"Dr. Mackenzie," said Alec quietly, "have I presumed to pass judgment on your actions, and condemn them?"

The minister only stared.

"You do not pretend to any sacerdotal authority, I believe?"

"Certainly not."

"Then by what power or authority, I may ask, do you claim to interfere with me?"

And having said this, Alec tossed the newspaper aside and left the room, with the words "law of God," "Fourth Commandment," "judgment," ringing in his ears.

After ascertaining that his uncle had fallen asleep, Alec went off to his own lodgings in no very Christian frame of mind. And Dr. Mackenzie neither forgot nor forgave the way in which the reprobate (as he considered him) had received his timely reproof.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. LINDSAY'S WILL.

EARLY the following morning Dr. Mackenzie despatched a note in Mr. Lindsay's name to Messrs. Hatchett, Small, and Hatchett, asking that one of the firm should call upon him as soon as possible, and take his instructions for the making of his will. This note was delivered in the afternoon, and was in due course passed on to Mr. Beattie, with the words pencilled across it, "Please attend to this at once." Mr. Hatchett and Mr. Small were both too important men to attend in person and take instructions for a will.

"Ah!" said Beattie to himself, as he glanced at the note, "this will decide our friend Lindsay's future. I wonder whether Semple will come in for a good share. Surely, if he does, he won't trouble me about that six hundred I owe him?"

About four o'clock Beattie presented himself at Mr. Lindsay's house, and was at once shown up to the sick man's chamber.

"Are you Mr. Hatchett, or Mr. Small?" was Mr. Lindsay's first question.

"Neither. My name is Beattie. I am the managing clerk of the conveyancing department. It was quite impossible for

one of the partners to come to-day ; and as you seemed to wish your will made at once——”

“Oh, very well, sit down,” interrupted the old man. He was by no means pleased that a clerk had been sent to him ; but it was not worth while to dispute the point.

Beattie found writing materials on a side table, and seated himself at the bedside, with his pen in his hand.

“First of all, sir,” he began, “I shall want your full name and address. By the way, you have lived here for some months, I believe ?”

“Yes.”

“And you have no intention of returning to Scotland ?”

“No,” said the old man, grimly.

“I mean, if you recover ?”

“Not permanently.”

“Have you any will now existing ?”

“No.”

For some minutes there was silence, and then Mr. Lindsay named the two friends whom he wished to be his trustees and executors. Then there was a longer pause. At last the sick man broke the silence, speaking rapidly, as if he feared that even then he might change his mind.

“Sell my houses, and all that’s in them—nobody will care for them after I am gone.

“Sell the oil-works at Drumleck, and the business.—They have been mismanaged sadly of late ; besides, the trade is not what it was, and I doubt if there’s much more to be made in it,” he added, as if speaking to himself.

“Then my brother, Alexander Lindsay, of the Castle Farm, Muirburn, must have ten thousand pounds. And my second cousin, Jean Lindsay, who has been my housekeeper for many years, ten thousand. Have you put that down ?”

“Yes.”

“To my niece, Margaret Lindsay, three thousand, and to my ward, Laura Mowbray, say two thousand.—I pity that lassie’s husband,” he added, under his breath.

Again there was a long pause, so long that Beattie dried his writing, and looked up as if to ask whether the instructions were ended.

“And I bequeath,” said the old man, in a firm voice, “to all those who have been Moderators of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, to the present Moderator, and to

every succeeding Moderator, the sum of five hundred thousand pounds, in trust for the Free Church of Scotland, to be used at their discretion, for the general purposes of that body."

Mr. Lindsay glanced at the lawyer as he pronounced these words, that he might see what effect the magnitude of the bequest made upon him; but, to the old man's disappointment, Mr. Beattie's face remained perfectly impassive. "For the general purposes of that body," he repeated, writing down the words.

"And I request these trustees to appoint my friend the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., Secretary to the Trust, at such reasonable salary as they may think fit. And, by the way, I leave the said Rev. Robert Mackenzie one thousand pounds, for himself.

"The rest of my property—what do you call it?"

"The residue."

"Ay. The residue I leave to my nephews, James Beattie and Alexander Lindsay, equally between them."

For the first time since the interview, the managing clerk offered a word of advice.

"That may be a large sum, Mr. Lindsay, or it may be—nothing," he said, fixing his eyes on the sick man's face.

"I reckon it will be about ten thousand pounds a piece, perhaps a little more. But I suppose I can say that I don't wish them to have less than ten thousand each?"

"Certainly."

"Then put that down.

"And if there should not be enough for all?" asked the old man.

"Then all the legacies will abate in equal proportion," answered the other.

"That's right."

"By the way, have you personal property to the extent of half a million?"

"Yes."

"I only asked, because otherwise there might be a difficulty about the Statutes of Mortmain. But I can make the legacy to the Free Church come out of the personalty.—Have you any further instructions?"

"No."

"Then I will read over what I have written, and if it is in accordance with your wishes, you will please initial it."

This was done, and Beattie took his leave, promising that the draft would be ready in a day or two.

As he reached the hall, he met James Semple, who was coming out of the library.

"Come in here a moment, Beattie," said Semple, drawing him into the room, which was empty. "What have you been about with my uncle?"

"I can't speak of a client's business, you know," answered Beattie with a smile.

"Oh, stuff! Don't come the virtuous to such an extent as that. Weren't you taking down his instructions for his will?"

Beattie smiled again. "Really, my dear fellow, consider my position," he began.

"I am certain you were. Now, look here. Am I to have the business at Drumleck, or am I not?"

But the other was dumb.

"We can't talk here," said Semple, nervously. "It's past five; there's no necessity for you to go back to the office, is there?"

"No."

"Then, will you come and dine with me at the Criterion, say at half-past six? I can't very well ask you to dine here, you know."

Beattie accepted the invitation. He knew very well that Semple's object in giving it was to extract information from him about the will; and Semple told himself that if Beattie had not meant to yield, he would not have promised to dine with him. But Beattie had by no means made up his mind on the point. One thing, however, he hardly needed to decide—he did not intend to sell his information for nothing.

Semple secured a private room at the Criterion, and ordered a good dinner and the best wine procurable.

There was but little conversation between the two young men during dinner; and as soon as the meal was concluded, Semple's impatience made him open the subject which was uppermost in their minds.

"Look here, Beattie," he began; "I've been a good friend to you, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have, Semple."

"I lent you six hundred pounds, you know—about that matter—on very bad security."

"You did."

"Well—fill your glass, old man."

Beattie obeyed; but the other noticed that he merely put the glass to his lips.

"Well," he began again, "I really think you might oblige me in that little matter we were speaking of. You see, I want to have a talk with my uncle about it, but I must first know what his ideas are."

"How could I do such a thing? Suppose Hatchett's people were to get wind of it, what would be the consequence?"

"Tuts, man; they can never know of it."

"I should be ruined."

"There's not the slightest chance of it."

"I should be constantly in your power."

"That means you want to drive a bargain with me."

"I thought you might sign this, perhaps," said Beattie, drawing a paper from his pocket. It was a receipt in full for six hundred pounds.

"Well, you *are* cool!" cried Semple, greatly admiring his friend's impudence.

"Will you sign it?"

"Of course not. I should be mad to do such a thing. Why, I can ask my uncle at any time what his intentions are."

"Then, why come to me?" asked Beattie slowly, lifting his eyebrows.

"It would be convenient to know beforehand, certainly; but it's not worth that," said Semple.

"I think you'll find it's worth a good deal," said the other, smiling again.

This whetted Semple's curiosity, and roused his anxiety.

"Come now, let me see the instructions—I know you have the paper about you—and I'll let you off a hundred."

"And not trouble me for the balance for three years?"

"Well, yes; and that's all I'll do. I've made up my mind."

Beattie saw that no better terms were to be obtained, so he rang for pen and ink, altered the word "six" into "one" in the receipt with which he had provided himself, and then it was signed.

"Now," said Semple.

Without speaking a word, Beattie drew the paper of instructions from his pocket, and laid it on the table. Semple snatched it up hastily; and the other sat watching him,

knocking off, now and then, the ash from the end of his cigarette with his little finger.

Semple ran hurriedly through the first part of the document ; then suddenly he gave a cry, and started up, as white as a sheet.

"Sit down, man," said Beattie, almost alarmed at the expression on his companion's face. "Sit down, and drink this," and he poured him out a glass of port. Semple took it with a hand that trembled so as to spill the wine, and drank it off. Then he burst out in a torrent of imprecations.

"I knew that — old minister would make him put down something for his religion, but I never dreamt of such madness as this."

Beattie said nothing ; on the whole he rather enjoyed his friend's discomfiture.

"It's infamous! And I, to have slaved all my life for nothing—nothing, by —! That half-million is about all he has. I doubt if there will be fifty thousand more, when everything is sold."

"About that," said Beattie.

"How do *you* know?" cried the other.

"Oh, we come to know a good many things. You are to have ten thousand pounds at least, you see."

"And what's that? He might as well have left me ten thousand farthings! I should have had a hundred thousand pounds at least. But I won't submit to it! I will not. I will dispute the will. My uncle is not in a fit state of mind to make a will. Eh, Beattie?"

Beattie was leaning with his arms on the table, as he slowly pressed the end of his cigarette against the ash-tray. On hearing his companion's last words he slowly shook his head without looking up.

"When I saw him this afternoon, Mr. Lindsay was in perfect possession of his faculties," he said calmly. (The other darted at him a look of contempt.) "And the doctor who attends him, as well as his relations and servants, would no doubt be of the same opinion," he added firmly.

Semple dropped his eyes on the table, and was silent.

"Is there no one who has influence with him, no one who might induce him to alter his mind?" added the young lawyer, after a pause.

"Nobody in the world," said Semple, bitterly. "My uncle

is the very incarnation of self-conceit and obstinacy. Everybody will talk of this 'munificent bequest,' and that's all he cares for. I will try, of course, what I can do; but there's not the slightest chance——"

"Take care that you don't let him see that you know his intentions before he speaks of them himself," said Beattie, anxiously.

"You needn't be afraid," said the other.

There was silence in the room for some minutes, while Semple sat brooding over the prospect before him, his eyes on the floor. Suddenly he started to his feet, and striking the table with his fist, cried with an oath:

"I won't stand it! I will not! I'm not going to be fooled out of all this money after toiling for it so long. Beattie, you must help me to get it. There are ways and means. You lawyers know them. I'll take any reasonable risk myself, and you shall have half profits—that is, two hundred thousand out of the five. That's fair, isn't it?"

Beattie smiled contemptuously. "Might I ask what you were thinking of?" he inquired, with mock politeness.

"I'm thinking of getting the money," said Semple, roughly. "And if you're too much of a coward to help me, I'll find some one who will!—Think, man. Is there no way? Can't we find some one who"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"who could imitate the signature, you know."

"And find ourselves in a convict prison for the rest of our lives? No, thank you."

"But it's awful to think of such a sum slipping away from one like that. It's a sin not to make an effort——." Here Mr. Semple stopped; his ideas were getting rather mixed.

"You'll think it over," said he, after a long pause.

"I'll think it over," repeated the other.

"Then you think there's a chance of——?"

"A chance?—well, hardly that. And yet, as you say, it would be a pity to miss an opportunity of—two hundred thousand pounds, I think you said?"

"If I take the risk, one hundred thousand, Beattie. It's a large sum."

"Well, I'll think it over. Good-night," said Beattie, abruptly holding out his hand. "By the way," he added, turning back as he reached the door, "you had better give me a call to-morrow morning, before I go down to the office, for there's

no time to lose. I will expect you at half-past eight. Something may have occurred to me in the meantime."

It happened that that very evening Alec Lindsay called at his uncle's, and as soon as the old man was aware that his nephew was in the house, he sent for him.

"Alec," he said, "sit down. I have something to say to you."

Alec obeyed, wondering what was coming.

"I am decidedly of opinion," said Mr. Lindsay, in his old pragmatical way, "that it is not a good thing for a young man to be made suddenly rich. If he has enough to give him a start in life, that is all he needs. Wealth is often the occasion of a young man's ruin. Therefore I have not made you my heir."

"I hope you never thought I was expecting anything of the kind," said Alec, quickly.

"No. So you won't be disappointed. I have not forgotten you in my will. You will have a competency. I have not forgotten any of my relations who had natural claims on me. But I have thought it right to leave the bulk of my property to the Kirk. The will is not drawn up yet. I had a man here to-day from your office, taking down the heads of what I want done. I must say I think one of the partners might have come."

"They are very much engaged."

"So this Mr. Beattie said. But I don't want to have a clerk that I don't know anything about, attending to such an important matter. I should like you to see to it yourself. You do that sort of work in the office, don't you?"

"Yes—but—. The fact is, uncle, I had rather not meddle with it, especially if my name is to be in the will."

"Tuts, man, what does that signify?"

"Not much in reality, but—"

"You can tell one of the partners that it is my wish."

"That would be a very awkward thing for me to do."

"You're very particular. It's not such a great favour to ask of you. Will you do it if I write to the firm, and say I prefer that you should draw up the will?"

"Yes, uncle. I am very willing to oblige you; but if you are really anxious that I should do it, you had better write to the firm about it."

"Then I will write a note now, and have it posted to-night, so that they may get it in the morning. That's all I wanted

to say to you. Just ask your Aunt Jean to come here for a minute, when you go down."

Alec found Miss Lindsay sitting with Laura in the library, and delivered his message.

"What secrets have you and my uncle been discussing?" asked the girl, as soon as the elder lady had left the room. (Laura had dropped into the way of calling Mr. Lindsay "uncle," though no relationship existed between them.)

"None that I know of," answered Alec.

"Come now, don't tell me a fib," said Laura, smiling, and holding up her forefinger. "You shouldn't try to be deceitful. It is of no use, for your face betrays you. There was a stranger here this afternoon, a dark, silent kind of man. He came to see uncle, and I believe it was to make his will. Am I not right?"

"Possibly."

"Of course I am. My guesses are always right. I wonder who is to be the favoured one? I do hope it will be you, Alec!"

"Thank you," he answered with some confusion.

"Ah! I see you know all about it. Uncle and you were talking it over just now, weren't you?"

"If we were, you know I can't speak of what passed between us."

"Oh, I know that, of course. Still I am a little curious. Not with regard to myself, personally. I have no right to expect that Mr. Lindsay should leave me anything, for after all (though he has been as kind as any blood-relation could be to me), he and I are not related. You remember my telling you that, the first time we met? You remember that night? You sat next me at dinner, and your cousin was so jealous of my talking to you!"

"Yes, I remember that night very well."

"But I *should* like to know that uncle had done his duty by you. He has so much money; and as you are his favourite nephew, he is certain to leave you quite a large sum."

"I don't see that at all. I mean, I have no claim on him whatever."

"Oh, yes! you have," said Laura; but she stopped suddenly, for Miss Lindsay just then returned to the room.

As Alec went home that night, Laura's image remained with him. And more than once the thought occurred to him, that if his uncle carried out his intention of leaving him a substantial

sum, it would bring the possibility of his winning Laura Mowbray a little nearer.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROGUES IN COUNCIL.

AS James Semple went to keep his early appointment with the lawyer's clerk on the following morning, his great fear was that Beattie might in the meantime have changed his mind. For himself, his indignation and rage knew no bounds. He felt ready to run any risk. But he knew that without the aid of his astute friend he was powerless; and the sense of his impotence only added to his anger.

"Well, here you are," said Beattie, when Semple was shown into his room. "Sit down, and have a cup of coffee."

"I don't mind if I do. And you might put a dash of brandy in it. It's terribly cold to-day. Don't you find it so?"

"No."

"I dare say not. You'd find no weather cold; you're cold-blooded, like a leech."

As soon as the two men were left alone together, Semple drew his chair nearer to Beattie's and leant forward.

"Have you thought of anything?" he asked in a whisper. Beattie looked at the other's hungry, wolfish eyes, and turned away, half in disgust.

"It seems to me, as you said last night, almost a sin not to try to prevent so gross an act of folly as the one we were speaking of," he said at last. "And a plan has occurred to me that might possibly succeed."

"Really! You're a brick, Beattie. I always said you were. I always knew you had twice as much brains as most fellows."

Beattie took no notice of this.

"There is a risk about it, no doubt. There always must be in such cases. But I think the danger may be reduced to a minimum."

"What is it? What is your idea?"

"It will require some care and adroitness on your part, when the critical moment arrives; but I shall ask you to do nothing impossible, or even difficult."

"I can't do any forg—, if you mean that," said Semple,

with a slight shiver. "I really couldn't. I mean, I haven't the skill."

Beattie threw a contemptuous glance at his companion.

"You surely forget what I said on that point last night," he said, coldly.

"But how else are you to manage it? What is your idea?"

"I may as well tell you now that I don't take another step unless you give me back that promissory note of mine. You can sign a receipt for the money now, and send me the note when you return to Glasgow. I will burn them both. 'Dead men tell no tales.'"

"Oh, but you know, old man, that's too much. I let you off a hundred only last night."

"What has that to do with it? I gave you a return for the hundred, didn't I? I tell you I have made up my mind that the old debt must be cleared out of the way to begin with, and I must have half profits if we succeed."

"Half profits! Why you couldn't touch a penny of it without me!"

"Nor could you without me."

And after a little wrangling, Semple was forced to consent to these conditions.

"Now, what is your precious plan?" he asked, when he had signed the necessary paper.

"I think you had better leave that to me," said Beattie, as he lit a cigarette.

"That's cool, I must say!"

"As you like," answered the other, shrugging his shoulders; "but it seems to me that it's much safer for you to know nothing. I may very probably want your help. But in case of anything coming out, the less you know the better."

"I see. All right."

"There is one unfortunate circumstance. We can't secure the whole half-million. We can only get about half of it."

"Half of it! Why didn't you tell me that sooner? Do you think I would have gone shares with you, if I had known that? I won't do it, and that's flat."

Semple could be obstinate enough when he liked; and in the end a compromise was effected. If Semple realized two hundred thousand pounds from his uncle's estate, Beattie was to have half of the whole. All above two hundred thousand the former was to keep for himself.

"And now you had better go, as I must go down to the office," said Beattie. "Well, it's worth the risk," he muttered to himself when he was left alone. "A hundred thousand pounds. A very fair sum. Enough to be the foundation of a first-rate fortune." And with this pleasant thought in his mind, he set out for Theobald's Road.

Mr. Hatchett was before him that morning, and was busy opening letters, when he arrived.

"There's a note from that Mr. Lindsay whom you saw last night," said the solicitor, tossing it across the table. "He wants his nephew to draw his will. He can do it, I suppose?"

Beattie stood with the note in his hand without answering.

"It doesn't matter how it is done, for of course you will send the draft to counsel."

"There won't be time for that, I'm afraid," said Beattie slowly.

"Ah! The old man is dying, is he? Then you can look over the draft yourself, you know." And Mr. Hatchett began speaking about another matter, to which the managing clerk was forced to give his attention.

When the interview was over, Beattie went to his own room, and throwing on the table the letters and papers which he carried, he sat down and leant his head upon his hand. Then he took up a pen, and began idly drawing lines from one blot to another on his writing-pad. Did Alec Lindsay know of this whim of his uncle's? Probably he did. And if he did not, would it be safe to disregard it? These were the questions that were troubling him.

He was still sitting in the same attitude when a knock came to the door. He started up, and drew one of the papers towards him, as if he were reading it.

"Come in!" he cried, and Alec Lindsay walked into the room.

"Good morning, Beattie. Have you seen the letters to-day?"

"Yes."

"Was there one from my uncle?"

"Yes; I saw it."

"It's a great nuisance," said Alec, seating himself on a corner of the table. "I had very much rather not have anything to do with drawing the will, especially as I believe I am to be one of the legatees."

"It is hardly usual, certainly. But you are rather busy just now, I think. I'll do the will for you, if you like."

"Thank you. But my uncle made me promise that I would see to it myself. I will send the draft to counsel."

"There isn't time for that," said Beattie in a decided tone. "Mr. Battiwell would keep the draft for a week—three days at least—and your uncle particularly wished it done at once. If anything should happen in the meantime——"

"I see. Well, you will look over the draft after I have done it?"

"If you like. But it's the easiest thing in the world. A child might do it. You have nothing to do but follow the precedent. By the way," he added, "I suppose your uncle has told you of his intentions?"

"He told me he meant to leave the bulk of his property to the Free Church."

"What can have put such an absurd notion into his head?"

"Well, I fancy a Dr. Mackenzie, who is staying with him just now, may have had something to do with it."

"Ah! A minister, I suppose. Your uncle is a good deal under his influence, I dare say."

"No; I don't think so. And really I don't know that Dr. Mackenzie even suggested it."

"Well, it's no business of mine," said Beattie, shrugging his shoulders.

"Will you give me the paper of instructions?" said Alec, after a pause.

"Certainly; here it is." And Mr. Beattie turned to the other documents before him, with an air that said, "I have wasted too many minutes already."

But as soon as Alec had left the room, he relapsed into his former attitude. Presently he rose and paced up and down the room with slow, cat-like steps. Then he paused at the window, and stood there for more than half an hour, looking out at the blank wall opposite him. "That might do," he said to himself at last, as he turned away. "It ought to succeed. There is a risk, certainly; but we can't help that."

Then he put on his hat, and going to a telegraph-office some little way off, he sent this message to his friend James Semple: "Meet me at the Cosmopolitan this afternoon at four o'clock."

About three o'clock he went into Alec Lindsay's room.

"Well, how are you getting on with the will?"

"The draft is nearly finished. I have not been able to go on with it steadily, or it would have been done sooner. Will you look over it now?"

"You can put it on my table when it is ready. I suppose you will send it to your uncle to-night?"

"Yes. I will send it by to-night's post."

"You had better say in your note that if the draft is satisfactory, it may be returned to us to-night, and we will bring it to be executed on Thursday morning. There will be plenty of time to have it engrossed to-morrow."

"Very well. I will do that."

"And, I say, Lindsay, I think you had better not send it to the law stationer's."

"Why?"

"Because the man who copied your draft at the law stationer's would be sure to speak of it. How foolish your uncle would look if a paragraph about his bequest got into the papers, and if he afterwards changed his mind, as very likely he may do."

Alec shook his head. "You don't know my uncle, or you wouldn't talk of his changing his mind. But I'll give it to one of the fellows in the office to engross."

"It is much better to have things of that sort copied in the office."

With these words Beattie left the room, and shortly afterwards he quietly went out.

When Alec finished the draft, he took it to the managing clerk's room, and as no one was there he left it on the table as he had been told to do. About five o'clock he wrote the note to his uncle which Beattie had suggested to him, and he told the clerk whose duty it was to post the letters, that Mr. Beattie would give him the document that was to be sent with the note. Having done this, Alec went home.

The clerk found the draft of the will on Mr. Beattie's table. He was not quite sure that his superior had seen it, for Mr. Beattie was not in the office; but thinking he might be held responsible if the letter were delayed, he sent it off with the draft.

"Do you know that your uncle had specially desired that Alec Lindsay should draw his will?" were Beattie's first words to his friend, when he met him at the restaurant at four o'clock.

"No! Then the game is up!"

"I'm not so sure of that. There is a chance yet. It will depend on your skill and coolness."

"On mine! I thought you said I was to know nothing, and do nothing."

"And wait till the gold fell into your lap, eh?" sneered Beattie. "I shall have my own share of trouble, and danger too, I can tell you. You may believe me that if I could do it all myself, I wouldn't risk leaving it to you."

"Then, why don't you do it?"

"Do I live at No. 21, Claremont Gardens?" asked Beattie, savagely.

"What do you want me to do?" asked the other.

"I'll tell you when the time comes. But why did you leave me to find out about this minister, this Dr. Mackenzie? Why didn't you tell me about him?"

"I didn't think it was of any importance."

"Of no importance! I suppose he knows all about your uncle's intentions?"

"I suppose he does."

"Anybody else?"

"Not that I know of. I think not."

"Very well. Now listen to me. The draft of the will will be sent to your uncle to-night, with a request that it should be returned by to-night's post. It will be delivered about eight or nine o'clock, I imagine. Your business will be to keep this Dr. Mackenzie out of the way. Take him to some meeting—anywhere, in fact, but keep him out of the house till your uncle has sent back the draft to us. You understand?"

"Yes; I'll see what I can do."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You'll *do it*."

"I don't know why you should speak in that way to me, Beattie!"

"Neither do I. All I know is, that no one must see the draft except your uncle himself."

"I suppose I may read it, if he offers it to me?"

"No. Make some excuse, and don't look at it. I know all that is in it. And remember this: the minister must not be present on Thursday morning when the will is executed. Can't you make him go back to Scotland?"

"How can I manage that?"

"Insult him. Turn him out of doors."

"Impossible."

"If you can't manage it some how, you may say good-bye at once to your hundred thousand pounds."

"I'll do what I can; you may be sure of that," said Semple, sulkily.

"And there's one other thing. You remember that paper of instructions I showed you? We must get hold of that. I was forced to give it to your cousin this morning, that he might prepare the will from it. He may leave it in his desk at the office: if so, I'll get hold of it. Or he may have sent it to your uncle with the draft. Your uncle may destroy it, or he may keep it, or he may send it back to the office with the draft. In the first case it will be all right. If he sends it back to the office I shall be able to lay my hands on it. But if he lays it by, *you* must get it and bring it to me. It must not be found among his papers after his death."

"I quite see the importance of that. What I don't see is, how I can take Dr. Mackenzie out for the evening, and yet be in my uncle's room when the post comes in, to see what he does with the paper."

"It is a difficulty; but you must try to find a way out of it. Come now, Semple, you have plenty of brains. Is there no one in the house that would help you?"

"No one—unless—I might try it," he added, as if speaking to himself.

"Is it of any use to try to get Alec Lindsay on our side. If he would consent simply to hold his tongue, it would be the easiest thing possible."

Semple shook his head emphatically. "You won't get any help *there*," he said.

"I thought as much. Well, I shall go back to the office after dinner, and hunt about for that paper of instructions. You will be on the look-out for the evening delivery, and ascertain what your uncle does with it if it reaches him. Keep the minister out of the way; and come to my lodgings to-morrow evening."

"At what hour?"

"Any hour you like. But if I am not in, wait for me, even if you should have to wait all night. I must see you to-morrow night."

Semple promised that he would keep the appointment, and, calling a cab, went straight home. During the drive he racked his brains to discover some method of inducing

Dr. Mackenzie to spend the evening elsewhere, without being able to think of any practicable plan.

Fortune, however, favoured him. In the library he found an evening paper containing a notice of a meeting in Exeter Hall, which he thought might prove an attraction to the Presbyterian minister.

"Did you see that the deputation of the American Missionary Society is to be present at the meeting in Exeter Hall?" he asked Dr. Mackenzie.

"No; when is the meeting to be?"

"To-night."

"Are you going to be there?"

"I—I—don't know. I was thinking of it. Would you like to go?" said Semple.

"If you go, I should be happy to accompany you. I am a stranger in London, and I don't care to go out alone at night."

This struck Semple as odd. The minister did not look like a man who would be afraid to go out alone at night. However, he saw that the only way to get Dr. Mackenzie out of the way was to accompany him to Exeter Hall; and accordingly he arranged to do so.

The fact was that Dr. Mackenzie had resolved to stay by Mr. Lindsay until the will was executed, and be ready to fortify him against the attacks which he supposed the rich man's relations would naturally make upon his resolution to enrich the Free Church at their expense. After skilful indirect questioning he had satisfied himself that neither Miss Lindsay nor Miss Mowbray knew what the old man's intentions were. There remained the two nephews. As to Alec, Mr. Lindsay himself had told his spiritual adviser that he had confided in Alec, and made him promise to attend personally to the preparing of the will—a proceeding which Dr. Mackenzie strongly disapproved of, though he was too prudent to say anything on the subject. He was quite convinced that anything Alec could do to prevent the bequest being made, would be done.

With regard to Semple, Dr. Mackenzie was inclined to think, from the young man's manner towards himself, that he knew of his uncle's resolution; and the minister determined to do what he could to keep the two apart for the short time which had to elapse before the will could be actually signed. For this reason he thought it imprudent to absent himself for the whole evening, and allow Semple to spend as much time as he chose in his

uncle's room without interruption. He had therefore managed to make the young man accompany him on his expedition to Exeter Hall.

But Semple had only performed half his task when he had induced Dr. Mackenzie to spend that evening where he would be beyond his uncle's reach. How was he to learn what became of the paper of instructions in Beattie's handwriting, on the possession of which his fellow-conspirator laid so much stress? This could only be done by the help of an ally; and there was only one possible ally at his command.

He waylaid Laura Mowbray as she passed downstairs to dinner, and drew her into a little apartment that was used as a kind of housekeeper's-room.

"I want to speak to you, Laura," he said; "and I have only a minute to spare. Are you willing to do me a favour?"

"That depends."

"Don't be foolish. Say yes or no. Don't you know that our whole future hangs on what may happen during the next day or two?"

"I suspected as much," answered Laura, quietly; "*your* future, you mean. I don't see how my future is concerned."

"Don't you? Are not our interests the same?"

"Not yet."

"But they will be. Now, I only want you to do this. To-night, most likely by the last delivery, a packet will come by post for my uncle. It will contain a letter, a bulky document, and another paper, a single sheet of foolscap folded in four. The first two I don't care a straw about; but I want to know what my uncle does with the thin paper, the sheet of foolscap. Will you manage to find out this for me?"

Laura hesitated. She had no idea of being a tool in the hands of any one; and she was not sure that she should have allowed Semple's words as to the identity of his interests and hers to pass unchallenged. Her one desire was to discover whether Semple or (as she hoped) Alec Lindsay was to be the old man's heir. But in a moment she had decided to make herself useful, on the chance of inducing Semple to tell her something. As she wisely reflected, she could get the information which he wanted without any trouble, and either tell him what he wished to know, or hold her tongue, as circumstances might decide. She therefore whispered:

"All right. Hush; I must go now. I hear Miss Lindsay coming down."

Miss Mowbray proved abundantly capable of executing the commission which had been intrusted to her.

She listened for the postman's ring, and crossing the hall apparently by chance, she said to the servant who had answered the door-bell: "Is that letter for Mr. Lindsay? Yes. Then you may give it to me. I am going to his room now."

On reaching the old man's bed-room, she closed the door softly behind her, and going up to him with swift, noiseless steps, she said:

"Dr. Mackenzie and James have gone out, uncle; and Miss Lindsay is asleep; so I have come to you for company. Do you mind my sitting here half an hour, while nurse goes to supper?"

"No, child, no. I like to see you."

"I will sit by the fire, then, and be as still as a mouse. And, see, I have brought you a big letter that the postman has just handed in. I took it from Marks as I came upstairs."

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF LEO THE THIRTEENTH.¹

THE Jubilee of the Holy Father coincides approximately with the completion of the first decade of his Pontificate, and thus affords a convenient opportunity for taking stock of its results. Leo the Thirteenth has so impressed his personality upon the age, that even the Church's enemies have been compelled to do homage to the marvellous ability by which he has proved himself to be to her a real *Lumen de Cælo*. It will be a surprise, nevertheless, to most of our readers to discover from the book before us, how very varied and widespread has been his activity. His great predecessor, by the might of suffering and passive resistance, had taught governments to recognize the enormous power which, in spite of his material weakness, lies in the hands of the Roman Pontiff, and though constrained by *mauvaise honte* to continue the hostility to his claims, to which the infatuation of ignorance had committed them, they were learning more and more to covet a store of conservative force which would be so useful to them in their struggle with the Revolution. It was here that the new Pontiff discerned his opportunity.

If we are not mistaken, the key to his policy has been the endeavour to approach the various governments in a conciliatory manner, so as to render the path of return compatible with their pride, and on the basis thus obtained to convince them gradually that the supposed opposition between the rights of the Church and the independence of the State, is altogether imaginary, that on the contrary the liberty claimed by Catholics is most conducive and even indispensable to the attainment of civil peace, prosperity, and progress. With this idea his first Encyclical *Inscrutabili*, appearing within a month of his elevation, is instinct throughout. For instance :

At the same time we address ourselves to sovereigns and to those who are the supreme rulers of states, and implore them again and again,

¹ *The Life of Leo the Thirteenth*. From an authentic memoir furnished by his Order. By Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., L.D. London : Sampson Low and Co.

in the august name of the Most High God, not to reject, at this needful time, the aid offered them by the Church, and that they unite in friendly zeal in favour of that great source of authority and salvation and seek to be united to her more and more by the ties of hearty love and reverence. God grant that, discovering the truth of what we have been saying, and being convinced themselves that the doctrine of Christ, as Augustine was wont to say, is a mighty safeguard to the state, when it finds obedient observance, and that in the safety of the Church and dutiful obedience to her, are to be found the interests of the public surety and tranquillity, they would bestow their thought and care in alleviating the evils which afflict the Church and her visible Head. Thereby it would come to pass that the people whom they govern, entering on the paths of justice and peace, would enjoy a golden age of prosperity and glory.

The successes of this policy, not yet completely attained, are nevertheless already considerable. A most friendly feeling for the person of the Holy Father, is everywhere entertained, and the tension of the conflict is proportionately diminished. It is matter of common knowledge how beneficial have been the consequences in Spain and Portugal, and especially in Germany where the Pontiff's action has been aided by the leverage of the finest and compactest Catholic party in the world. It is not so well realized how successfully he has wrought with the Sultan for the liberties of the Christian populations under his rule, with the result of extinguishing two schisms and eliciting a splendid development of Catholic feeling. Still less is generally known of his negotiations with the Shah of Persia and with the rulers of Japan and China, in each case reciprocated in a spirit of friendliness which affords great hopes for the future of the Church in those regions. If in France he has been less successful, at least his tact and forbearance have deprived the troop of anti-Christian adventurers who rule her destinies, of every pretext for their abominable persecution. Even Italy has been made to feel that the patriotic heart of the Pontiff cherishes her with a peculiar affection, and that, while true to his conscientious obligations to guard that independence of his See which is in reality the noblest distinction of the Italian race, he is keenly desirous even of the temporal prosperity of his fellow-countrymen, and will put no unnecessary hindrance in the way of their legitimate aspirations.

These negotiations form, however, but one portion of his entire policy. He has been no less solicitous in stimulating the piety of the faithful. If the Church can be thus beneficial

to the State, it is so far forth as she is able to realize in her children the ideal of Catholic life. And yet this is an ideal hard to reach amidst the modern social and political conditions. But the efforts of the Pope have been untiring, and have been crowned with no small success. To this head we must refer in particular the recommendations of the Rosary, of the Third Order of St. Francis, and of the Sodality, which have elicited so remarkable a renewal of fervour; and have suggested that the pontificate might appropriately be styled the Pontificate of Prayer. To this head also must be referred the stimulus given to sacred science especially by the Bull *Æterni Patris*, which exhorted to the more careful study of the Angelic Doctor, as supplying the best antidote to modern error, and the best key to the interpretation of what is true in modern discovery; although it is without warrant to gather, as some have done, from the words of the Bull, that the doctrine of St. Thomas is prescribed in all its entirety as obligatory upon every one. By such means has this enlightened Pontiff striven to stem the double tide of infidelity and license which now-a-days presses so heavily upon consciences.

To most of us, perhaps, Leo the Thirteenth was an unknown man at the time of his election, and it came as a gratifying surprise that the Church should have at once found a ruler so capable of sustaining the character which Pius the Ninth had acquired for the Pontificate. But with the help of Dr. O'Reilly's book the reader will be able to inform himself how great had been the previous life of Joachim Pecci, and how thoroughly it had been a preparation for the task to which God's Providence was destining him. Mature before his time, he was sent at the early age of twenty-eight as Delegate of Benevento, thence, after three years, to the Governorship of Perugia, and again, after another brief interval, to the Nunciature at Brussels. Thus he learnt to understand and to grapple with the most delicate problems of government and diplomacy, and began to display the happy tact in negotiation with men of opposite methods and aims, which has stood him in such good stead since he came to the throne. Leopold the First was an acceptable candidate to the Powers for the sovereignty of Belgium, precisely because he was the man to set himself to subdue "Ultramontane" tendencies. But when Monsignor Pecci was recalled from Brussels to Rome by Gregory the Sixteenth, he carried back with him a letter from Leopold, conceived in

terms of commendation far exceeding the language of mere compliment, and which would have probably obtained for him even at that early period the Cardinal's hat, had not the letters found the Pope upon his death-bed. Recalled from the domain of diplomatic life at this early age of thirty-six, by the prayers of the Perugians, who had begged to have him as their bishop, Monsignor Pecci spent the next thirty-two years in the narrower sphere of diocesan rule. He took St. Charles Borromeo as his model, and faithfully indeed did he follow it during the long period of his active episcopate. It was a time of conflict, especially after the entry of the Piedmontese troops into the city, in the year 1860. All manner of confiscations and conscription laws sought to hamper his efforts, and the secret societies were disseminating their anti-Christian principles through all classes of society. But his energy and fertility of resource triumphed over the obstacles, and he succeeded in accomplishing much for the education and the sanctification of clergy and people. We must refer our readers to the book before us for the details of this work, but we call special attention to the Institution of the Academy of St. Thomas for the formation of the clergy, and the stress laid on the Third Order of St. Francis as a means of renewing the piety of the laity: also to the brilliant expositions of the rights and office of the Church, which in his capacity as leader of his brother bishops he addressed to the King. In all these we find the germs of the instruction which he has since laboured to impress upon the Universal Church. Among them, in the light of the persistent endeavours of journalists to regard Leo the Thirteenth as a half-hearted defender of the Temporal Power, it is interesting to read the Pastoral on this subject which he delivered in February, 1860, just as Napoleon the Third and Cavour were planning their Italian campaign. It would be impossible to put the matter more clearly or more decidedly.

Dr. O'Reilly has succeeded in writing a very interesting Life, and has moreover had the advantage of certain "authentic and authorized memoirs" regarding the period previous to the Pontificate. One could wish for some more personal details and a more definite presentment of the personal character of the Pontiff. But this, of course, is not easily obtainable whilst the subject of the Life still lives, as we hope and trust he may continue to live. On the other hand, we have a full and

satisfying account of his public labours, and the writer has done well to embody in his book so much of the text of the various public utterances. A comparison of these leaves the reader in no doubt that the recent Encyclicals are the Pope's own composition, and it is a pleasure to receive this assurance when we listen to them that we are brought into such immediate contact with his venerable personality. Moreover they are the words of one who has lived for half a century in the thickest of the fight and has a remarkable power of exposition, so that by themselves they constitute a full and valuable contribution to the history of the period. Some critics will perhaps call Dr. O'Reilly to task for passing over a few delicate topics with too slight and euphemistic a pen. We are not among their number. The claims of history may be left to a later age when the interests and the feelings of living persons have ceased to exist. Meanwhile the claims of charity predominate. In some matter of domestic politics he may also be thought to take too one-sided a view. But there is no bitterness in his tone.

There is one note that we cannot help regretting. On p. 425 we read, "It is still problematic whether the Phoenix Park murderers were not suborned by the Dublin Castle officials." To suppose that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke suborned their own murderers to murder them is certainly a most extraordinary supposition. The words have however not unnaturally been fixed upon by certain Protestant journalists, and we are sorry that they were written. But the author is a Canadian, and it is proverbially difficult to form a true estimate of foreign politics.

2.—LEGENDS AND RECORDS OF THE CHURCH AND THE
EMPIRE.¹

These poems are illustrations of the early years of Christianity and, like all historical pictures, they well be best appreciated by those who know most of the times they portray. One or two of the pieces are too full of allusions to the philosophy and mythology of paganism to be easy reading to any but scholars, yet the simplicity and beauty of the legends cannot fail to give pleasure to every reader. The author is in full sympathy with

¹ *Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire.* By Aubrey de Vere, London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

"I am a Prince's bride. In heaven—unseen—
He dwells : I join Him but through gates of death :
Yet happier am I than earth's proudest queen,
Since exiles too may serve that Prince, each breath,
Each thought, each act of spirit, or heart, or hand
Be bride's obedience to her Lord's command"

Frowning the Prefect spoke : "A dreamer ! fie !
A Nympholept subdew'd by magic spell !
That Bridegroom-Prince you boast beyond the sky
Exists not : there our great Olympians dwell."
She smiled. "Each morning from His gardens He
Three apples sends to me, and roses three."

Some think she told a simple truth, nor knew
'Twas wondrous more than that the heavens are blue.

A youth, by name Theophilus, laughed and mocked her for her speech. Meeting her again in the cold frosty December on her way to martyrdom, this scoffer said :

"He'll send you none this day : for leagues the snow
Cumbers the earth : for months no bud will blow.
Doubtless a God even now from heaven might send them :
If sent, those amorous trophies speed to me !
What Christians call good fortune will attend them ;
Thenceforth your Master's follower I will be !"
She pass'd ; looked back ; stood mute ; then smiling still
That smile he knew, nodded, and said, "I will."

She reached the spot. And as she stood ready for the headsman's stroke,

Then came, the legend saith, from heaven a sign :
For, while the raised sword flashed before her eyes,
O'er her an Angel hung, a Child divine
On purple wings starred like the midnight skies—
"From Him thou lovest, these," She answered thus ;
"Not mine ! I sought them for Theophilus."

That moment at the Prefect's festal board
That mocker sat, and in his airiest mood,
When lo, between him and the banquet's lord
A beauteous Child lifting a casket stood.
Sweet-voiced he spake—yet they that heard him feared—
"From Dorothea these," and disappeared.

The book is full of passages such as these, and of others more tender still. No one can read the volume without being elevated, and made to feel for a time at least the gentle influence of Christ's all-conquering love. There is much solid teaching in "St. Jerome's letter," and much pleasure and sweetness to be got

from the "Legend of St. Alexis," "St. Agatha," "St. Genevieve," and "The Death of St. Jerome."

We are sorry we have not space to quote from other pieces, such as those on Constantine, Stilicho, &c. It is not however necessary to give any detailed criticism of the work of an author so well known to our readers. We need only thank him for this volume, and hope that it may have many thoughtful readers, so that his spirit of

Faith, the shadow of God's Mind Supreme
Down cast upon Man's Mind.

may leap

Forth from its page and light upon their hearts.

3.—INDIFFERENTISM.¹

Indifferentism is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, and consequently that one creed is as good as another. Dogmatic teaching, it would say, is effete and obsolete; dogma, by a natural process of evolution, is being improved off the face of the earth. This Latitudinarianism—to fit an old name to a newer idea—turns religion into a matter of opinion, or of taste, or of sentiment. It would have the world choose its faith as it chooses its fashions, and change the one as freely as it varies the other. It is a tolerant system, and leaves a man to form his views in religion as he forms them in painting, or in poetry, or in architecture—that is, without let or hindrance, according to his individual taste and inclination.

Such a position is the logical outcome of Protestantism. The doctrine of "private judgment" leads straight to indifferentism. For if that is true in religion which each man believes to be true, if truth is "what a man troweth," if truth is subjective merely and not objective, then evidently truth is not one but manifold. And so, in practice, we have one section of Anglicans teaching, for example, that the doctrine of the Eucharist—the Divine Presence—is necessary for salvation, whilst another section proclaims the same doctrine to be a detestable superstition. Protestantism at its birth denied Purgatory and believed in Hell. It now upholds Purgatory and rejects Hell. It began by teaching that good works were useless, and that

¹ *Indifferentism; or, Is one Religion as good as another?* By the Rev. John MacLaughlin. London: Burns and Oates.

faith alone was necessary for salvation. It now declares faith to be vain and good works alone necessary.

The doctrine of private judgment and the contradictions which that doctrine sanctions, lead of course ultimately to atheism, and such is the conclusion which many thinking minds out of the Church have already deduced from the given premisses. But the bulk of Englishmen, being more scrupulous perhaps, and certainly less logical, are only half way down the hill as yet; they have found a temporary lodgment in the half-way house of indifferentism. The popular creed is that if a man is upright in his dealings, a good father, and a loyal citizen, it matters not whether he be Protestant or Catholic, Baptist or Unitarian, "because all roads lead to Heaven."

The author of this little book has driven his bolt well home and shot true into the camp of his adversary. He proves that this comfortable doctrine is entirely without foundation. Two points he proves with force and clearness; first, that of religions *one* alone is right and all the rest wrong, secondly, that that alone is right which is the religion of the Church Catholic. He is not writing for atheists, and so he assumes the inspiration and authenticity of Scripture. He refutes indifferentism by arguments drawn from reason and revelation. He shows that truth is one. He adduces the commission given by Christ to His Apostles, to teach "all things whatsoever I have commanded you." And he clinches the destructive part of his argument by the scathing condemnation, twice repeated, which St. Paul pronounced on these latter-day errors, "Though we, or an angel from Heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached, let him be accursed." In the second part of his work, where the author is constructive, he insists on two out of the four notes of the Church—her unity and universality, and shows with clearness and learning that only the Catholic Church can and does claim to possess these distinguishing marks.

We recommend this book to those not of the Church who are sincerely anxious to find out the truth, as well as to those Catholics who from false notions of expediency would make concessions which the Church cannot sanction. We need hardly add that it will be useful to preachers and others who have to handle popular errors of the day.

4.—THE WORKS OF ORESTES A. BROWNSON.¹

A mark of the industry of the late Dr. Brownson is seen in that fact, that his collected writings make up the goodly number of twenty volumes. The last volume, now before us, consists of miscellaneous articles: but the author's defence or retractation of certain utterances of his, that had called forth remonstrance, will probably claim most attention. Hence the book is named on the cover, "Brownson's Works, Explanations, and Index."

Prominent among the passages which ask and receive explanation is the following:

Has the Church really defined, and does Catholic faith really require us to believe, that anything is everlasting in the punishment of the wicked, except the exclusion from the supernatural beatitude? May we not hope that the sins of this life may in some sense be expiated, and that the reprobate, though they can never receive any part or lot in the palingenesis, may yet find their sufferings gradually diminishing, and themselves attaining to that sort of imperfect good, which is called natural beatitude? We know nothing in the definitions of the Church opposed to this, and therefore, though only the elect can be saved, we know no authority for denying that all men may attain to as great a degree of good as is foreshadowed in the state of pure nature.

Before defending this position, Dr. Brownson acknowledges that it is too strongly worded; and in place of a complete deliverance from suffering he substitutes, as more accurate, a constant tendency or approach to that deliverance.

It was far from our intention to imply that the punishment of the wicked could ever *absolutely end*, or that they could ever *fully attain* to natural beatitude. The most that can be made out of what we said is, that we thought it not contradictory of any definition of the Church to concede that the sufferings of the damned may be eternally diminishing, without ever absolutely terminating; and that they may be eternally approaching that sort of imperfect good, foreshadowed in what theologians call the *status naturæ puræ*, without ever fully attaining to it.

The fire of Hell he would interpret metaphorically, and place the whole punishment in loss of Heaven—a loss in which he claims to find both *pæna sensus* and the *pæna damni*.

Remaining as they must for ever below the line of the supreme good, the damned remain inchoate existences, grovelling for ever in the darkness of the senses, and consequently they suffer the *pæna sensus* as well as the *pæna damni*.

¹ *The Works of Orestes A. Brownson.* Collected and Arranged by Henry F. Brownson. Vol. XX. Detroit: H. F. Brownson, 1887.

In accordance with these views,

When we speak of Hell as a place, *locus*, region, we speak mimetically, not methexically, to the senses and imagination, not to the reasoning and understanding.

That these are the views of ordinary theologians, or even that they can be shown to be correct, the author does not pretend; but he ventures to think that they contain all that the Church has strictly defined.

Another unusual doctrine Dr. Brownson teaches on the matter of Church and State, recommending that between the two there should be separation.

The complete separation of Church and State, leaving the Church to find protection for her liberty in the general liberty secured to the citizen, we hold to be the only practicable solution of the problems of our age with equal advantage to civil and religious society: we believe that this solution is the one towards which the whole progress of the world is tending: but we are not ourselves prepared to adopt it against the Church, or without the consent of the Hierarchy.

His sympathies go with Lamennais, Montalembert, and all who have at heart the cause of Liberalism: and he is correspondingly adverse to those who advocate measures of repression.

The weapons of the Church's warfare are spiritual not carnal: consequently before the secular or human authority, whether a churchman or statesman, truth and error must stand on the same footing and be equally protected on the equal rights of the citizen. All sects should be equal before the civil law, and each citizen protected in the right to choose and profess his own religion, which we call his conscience, as his natural right so long as he respects the equal right of others.

Not satisfied with the admission that the above may be the best policy under certain circumstances, and because of these circumstances, the author insists that his is the statement of the true principle on the matter of toleration. It is only fair to add, that later on he was convinced that he had carried Liberalism too far, and his retraction is fearless as were the utterances which he wished to retract.

I willingly admit that I made many mistakes; but I regard as the greatest of all the mistakes into which I fell during the last three or four years that I published my review, that of holding back the stronger points of the Catholic faith, on which I had previously insisted: of labouring to present Catholicity in a form as little repulsive to my

non-Catholic countrymen as possible; and in insisting only on the minimum of Catholicity, or what had been expressly defined by the Holy See or a General Council. My experiment was not very successful. A *Liberal* Catholic I am not, and never was, save in appearance for a brief moment, and can never be. The times, if I read them aright, demand Catholicity in its strength, not in its weakness, in its supernatural authority and power, not as reduced to pure rationalism or mere sentimentality.

Again,

We found the Jesuits in the way of the policy we had for a brief time unwisely adopted, that of liberalizing and Americanizing, so to speak, Catholicity, and effecting a reconciliation of the Church and so-called modern civilization; and we opposed them as a logical necessity of our position. But we had hardly suspended the *Review* before our own reflection and the Syllabus compelled us to abandon as untenable, as un-Catholic, the policy we had followed, and removed the grounds of our opposition to the Jesuits, and our prejudices against the Society.

How to balance judiciously between toleration and denunciation or suppression is a most difficult problem, in the solution of which a man may most innocently err. What we must ever admire in Dr. Brownson, through his changes of opinion, is his uniform honesty and manliness.

5.—THE ENGLISH READER.¹

No small skill is required in selecting pieces for an English reader. The object of such a volume is so manifold. It has to be a representative book illustrating English literature and English style at various periods and in its various phases. The extracts moreover have to be selected with a view to the formation of the style of him who reads it, and they must therefore be of a kind that will rouse in him the desire to imitate them and impress upon him their respective excellencies. It is also necessary that they should be interesting each and all, taken by themselves, else the book will be cast aside, or even if carefully read will make no permanent impression. Besides this, the different kinds of style, literary, didactic, humorous, descriptive, epistolary, have to be illustrated in due proportion and with judicious discrimination from the classical authors of the best period.

¹ *The English Reader.* Edited by the Rev. E. Connolly, S.J. English Series. No. 1. New York: Benziger Brothers.

But we must not forget the poetry. Epic, lyric, elegy, epigram, satire and drama, must be carefully discriminated from each other, and the authors contributing must give us a good idea of the best productions under these several heads.

The task then which seems so simple as one is really most arduous, and to make a good selection in the almost unlimited field requires not only good judgment and power of discrimination, but long years of careful reading, an accurate criticism, and a deliberate perception of that which will prove attractive to the average student. Father Connolly seems to us to have succeeded admirably in the difficult task that he has undertaken. He has given us a book that any one may read with pleasure for its own sake—quite apart from any idea of practical utility. He has also managed to avoid the hackneyed pieces which recur in the ordinary matter, and gives us materials that will be new to most. Yet at the same time his selections are admirable as illustrating the distinguishing characteristics of the several authors from whom they are taken and are *loci classici* without being commonplace.

The pieces chosen are for the most part from authors of the last century, though there is a considerable admixture of modern extracts. We are glad to notice the impartiality of the author, who though writing in America holds a just balance in his choice of authors, and inclines rather to favour Europe than to be influenced by any leaning to writers of his own country. We observe also an elaborate research which has laid hold of many an ancient and modern writer whom we do not meet with in ordinary manuals, but whose purity or vigour of style claims for him a place among the writers of classical English, as, for instance, Rev. Joseph Farrell, Caxton, Thomas Hughes (the author of *Tom Brown's School Days*), Father Robert Persons, Faber, Sir W. Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, Wesley, Coventry Patmore, &c.

To Catholics, above all, this selection will be acceptable, inasmuch as the introductory quotation from Cardinal Newman stamps it as a selection made by a Catholic for Catholics, yet without any narrowness of view or partiality for writers of English merely because they are Catholic. We hope to see this manual widely adopted in Irish and English schools and Colleges as well as in the United States. It is a compact, inexpensive little volume which deserves a very wide circulation.

6.—COSMOLOGY.¹

Father Lahousse's *Cosmology* holds a prominent place amongst the manuals of scholastic philosophy which have been published during the last ten years. We have read carefully through the whole treatise, extended over 388 beautifully printed octavo pages, and closed the volume under the impression that in it genuine devotion to St. Thomas Aquinas and scholasticism is tempered with solid explanation of modern theories, depth and comprehensiveness of mental survey, laudable freedom of judgment, lucid and weighty arguments, and a thorough appreciation of views differing from the author's.

The material to be digested in *Cosmology* is so copious, and to a large extent so abstruse, that it is a relief for the student if his manual helps him easily to distinguish between questions of primary and secondary importance. Our author has done this by distributing the chief points of his doctrine over forty-two theses, and expounding minor questions in *scholia* appended to them. The same endeavour to secure before all solidity and clearness, which indeed should be the first care of every writer on philosophy, has induced Father Lahousse to keep pretty strictly to dialectic form, as well in his arguments as in the solution of difficulties. "Sophisms in arguments," says Kant very well, "are most easily discovered if they are put forward in a correct scholastic form."² Every reader sufficiently acquainted with the nature and laws of syllogistic reasoning, will be convinced of this by a diligent perusal of the work we are reviewing. Too great monotony has been avoided by care for readable Latin. That more importance has been attached to philosophical preciseness than to a classical colouring of language is praiseworthy.

In the prolegomena, cosmology is defined to be the *scientia metaphysica corporum universim inspectorum*. In other words, cosmology is that part of special metaphysics which treats of the ultimate internal and external causes of bodies as such. The consideration of the essential constitution of living bodies is by Father Lahousse reserved for psychology. Whether this is

¹ *Praelectiones metaphysicae specialis* quas in Collegio Maximo Lovaniensi S.J. habebat Gustavus Lahousse, E.S., nunc in eodem collegio theologiae dogmaticae lector. Volumen primum : Cosmologia. Lovanii typis Car. Peeters, via Namurcensi 22, pp. xvi. et 396, 8vo.

² *Critique of pure Reason*. Translated by M. Müller, ii. p. 522.

really a logical outcome of his definition might be debated. From a practical point of view we are not opposed to it, because psychology cannot be treated properly without a great deal being said on that subject.

The treatise is divided into two parts. In the first part inquiry is made into bodies considered in their individuality; the second comprises those philosophical problems which are to be solved regarding the world as a whole.

The whole chapter on the essence of bodies deserves very careful study. Scientists will probably be pleased with the concessions which are here made to chemical and physical hypotheses. But in spite of atoms, molecules and ether, our author puts forward strong reasons to prove that neither atomism nor dynamism give a satisfactory explanation of the nature of a molecule, whereas the hylomorphic system maintained by scholastics is in its fundamental theorems the logical result of sound reasoning based upon facts of experience.

There are so many questions discussed in this chapter, that it is not to be wondered if here and there statements are found which, even after the ingenious arguments by which they are supported, do not seem to be quite evident. We have noted down two of this sort. Our author maintains, on p. 59, that in the compound substance, matter and form do not remain actually distinct entities, and on p. 78 he expresses the opinion that *materia prima* is not only a *pura potentia* when compared with the form that actuates it, but is *simpliciter pura potentia* without being *secundum quid actus*. Without attempting to discuss the question, we must say that it seems to us that St. Thomas thought *materia prima* in the human body to be *secundum quid actus*. Readers interested in this subject may inform themselves about what we have just said by reading the whole of chap. 211 in the *Compendium Theologiæ* of St. Thomas, and *Summa*, pars 3a, Supplem. q. 79, a. 1 ad 4. We hope confidently the psychology of our author will throw more light on this point.

In the second chapter we have a solid discussion of the essence of quantity, besides other valuable information on the properties of bodies. The third chapter treats of those phenomena which are accidentally connected with corporeal essences. Especially interesting is the thesis by which the objectivity of bodily qualities is defended against a modern opinion. The solution of the difficulties raised against this thesis is well adapted

to set opponents thinking about the shallowness of their opinion (cf. pp. 198—205).

The short chapter on the internal finality of bodies is a fit transition to the second part of the work, in which the principal philosophical questions concerning the world as a whole are solved with great solidity. In the first place we have here, in the fifth chapter, some sound views on the order and unity of the world. Space and time are the subject-matter of the sixth chapter. The most important chapters against unbelievers are the last four, in which we meet with a solid refutation of pantheism, a good exposition and solution of the questions about the origin, the formation, and the final cause of the world, together with a defence of the moderate optimism of St. Thomas, and, lastly, an able inquiry into the necessity of physical laws, with a good refutation of the adversaries of miracles. On page 328 seq. the possibility of an eternal world in which there are successions as in ours is rightly denied, and the denial justified by good arguments.

In conclusion we congratulate Father Lahousse heartily on the successful completion of the volume with which he has presented the students of cosmology. We hope that it may find a place in the libraries of all Colleges where Catholic philosophy is taught, and that the rest of the series of manuals to be edited by the same author will soon follow.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE *Abridged History of the United States*¹ is one of the "Young Catholic's School Series," and is the abridgment of a larger work by the same author which is much used in American schools. It is written in a clear and interesting style which, together with the illustrations, will commend it to young readers, who we trust will not fail to take in the important truth which it tries to inculcate, that in all the stages of their marvellous growth, the Catholic Church has shown herself to be the one

¹ *An Abridged History of the United States.* By John R. G. Hassard. With a Preface by the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

moral agent which is capable of elevating the tone of the American nation, much tempted by the circumstances of its development to lose itself in a mere material grandeur. The author of this *History*, while he is an enthusiastic lover of his country, has not overlooked the peril which threatens her, and which hereafter will prove ruinous to her true welfare, unless a higher cultivation and nobler aim in life comes in to restore the balance. Bishop Spalding in his Preface dwells on the all-important function of the Catholic Church in arresting this danger. He justly praises the simple style, the vivid descriptions, and the general tone of this valuable little book.

Father F. O'Connor has published a Sermon² which he recently preached at the Quarant' Ore at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Cork. It is a clear and full exposition of the dogma relating to the Sacrament and the Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist. The book is a very suitable one to put into the hands of those who desire to learn the teaching of the Church on this important subject.

It is not necessary to do more than announce the second edition of a work by the Cardinal Archbishop with which we trust all educated Catholics are familiar.³ But we may remark on the singular opportuneness of the republication at a time when the Roman Question has been brought into prominence by a cry for reconciliation from quarters whence it might have seemed to have been least expected. The Nemesis, to which the Cardinal, following in the footsteps of Pius the Ninth in the Allocution of March 1877, directs attention as having already commenced, has continued to reveal itself with ever-increasing clearness. It is impossible for nations to enjoy peace and contentment, when the exigencies of the moral order are disregarded.

We trust the republication may be made an occasion for re-reading. It is most important that we should be furnished with the means of convincing our fellow-countrymen that the persistent demand of the Pontiffs for the restoration of their Temporal Sovereignty is dictated, not by any lust of rule, but by the consciousness that without it, it is impossible to exercise freely, and with full profit, their spiritual office.

² *Sermon on the Blessed Eucharist.* By the Rev. F. O'Connor, C.C. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

³ *The Independence of the Holy See.* By Cardinal Manning. Second Edition. Burns and Oates, 1887.

*Ireland and the English Catholics*⁴ is a protest against the attitude taken up by a certain number of leading English Catholics with respect to the Irish question. We do not intend to enter on the merits of the question discussed in this little pamphlet, or to tread the thorny path of party politics. It is cleverly written, and in a spirit of most friendly sympathy with Ireland, but we regret its personalities, which are often unfair and always mischievous and irritating. It cannot do any good to denounce men who, however widely we may differ from them, are devoted Catholics and men who have laboured with might and main for the cause of the Church in England. The author injures his cause instead of aiding it by sneering at such men as the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Denbigh, and Mr. George Lane Fox. If only he would have confined himself to the general causes of the prevailing tone of Catholics who belong to the upper class, we should have viewed his advocacy very differently. Thus in speaking of the origin of the anti-Irish feeling in a certain group of English Catholics, he says fairly enough :

They are not hostile to Mr. Parnell because they are Englishmen, still less because they are Catholics ; but because they are landlords. I use the term as one which includes, besides the solitary owner of the soil, his uncles and his cousins and his aunts, besides retainers of many sorts who reckon on his rent-roll. Then there are the aunts' husbands' aunts, and the cousins' wives' cousins, with endless ramifications in families proverbially prolific. Holders of Irish land . . . who are not English Catholics at all, are the head-centres of this anti-Irish feeling ; moving in Catholic society in London, where they tell their tale of woe to every comer, they naturally attract the sympathy of those with whom they mix, and whom they assure that the fight waged now in Ireland will shift its field to the English counties once these Irish outworks are won (pp. 11, 12).

With this no one can find fault. But the implied sneer in the following sentence respecting the Duke of Norfolk's visit to Rome is especially unfair, when directed against a man of such princely generosity to all Catholic interests.

It was decided that the Duke himself should go in person to Rome to lay the whole matter before the Pope, telling him, the speakers suggested, that conversions in England would be stopped (and Peter's

⁴ *Ireland and the English Catholics*. By one of them. With some account of events leading up to the appointment of Monsignor Persico as Papal Commissioner. London : Burns and Oates.

pence too !) if the tongues of the Irish Prelates were left loose. The Duke agreed to go, with a hand strengthened by what he had seen and heard at the meeting, but still with a free hand.

To Rome, therefore, he hied, and Pope Leo the Thirteenth listened to him a little, but not much. It was to the Vicar of Him Who told the troubled young man, in ages long gone, to sell his great possessions and to give to the Poor, that the largest landlord of England now came to learn how far Religion to-day would lend its aid to the Mighty in their warfare with the Weak (p. 25).

Father Faber has said that men who aim at saying or writing clever things, generally have cause afterwards to regret it, and we think that the author of this pamphlet will have reason to regret his tone in advocating a cause which does not need personalities in its defence.

Messrs. Duffy and Sons have published in very cheap form the autobiography of the Blessed Margaret Mary,⁵ written by her at the order of her confessor, Father Rolin. It is the first time that it has appeared, separately as a whole in English dress, and the translator has done well to bring within the reach of all, this most beautiful little book. There is nothing more calculated to touch the heart than the experiences of a holy soul : its inner conflicting temptations, sufferings, consolations, the revelations made to it by its Divine Spouse, and the spiritual delights granted to it from time to time. These are generally secrets known to God alone ; it is with the utmost reluctance that those to whom they are granted commit them to writing. Nothing but the obedience due to their superiors persuades them to the task. The greater the sanctity the greater the unwillingness, but fortunately for us the greater also the readiness of obedience to conquer the repugnance felt. The hidden life of Margaret Mary is a mine of spiritual teaching. Our only regret is that the narrative was broken off three years before her death, when Father Rolin left Paray in 1687. If our pious readers, especially those who have a devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, desire a little book for spiritual reading, we can strongly recommend this one to them.

*Jesus calls thee*⁶ is the title of a miniature volume addressed to one who hesitates on the threshold of the Church. There are many such : many we fear who hesitate and turn their back

⁵ *Revelations made by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.* Written by herself. Dublin : Duffy and Sons.

⁶ *Jesus calls thee.* Thoughts for one in indecision. By J. S. Fletcher. London : Washbourne.

on the Divine Light whose brightness had attracted them, and who henceforth shut their ears to the Voice which had called them to give up all for Christ's sake. To those who are still undecided, the author of *Jesus calls thee* speaks with words of persuasion and warning. He meets their difficulties, foresees their dangers, counsels them in their indecision. He speaks with all the more force in that he himself is one who has been called and through God's grace has listened to the call. We believe that this little book is calculated to be very useful, and we hope that it may be placed in the hands of many who are wavering, and may be the means of helping them to find their way safely into the True Fold.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the *Katholik* for August we have the commencement of an essay on the teaching of Nicholas of Cusa, which marked the epoch of transition from the ancient system of cosmogony, wherein the earth was the centre of the universe, to the new, which shows our globe to hold an insignificant place amongst the orbs revolving in limitless space. Belief in the Ptolemaic system was difficult to eradicate, and Nicholas of Cusa was the first to lay the axe to its root; though he broke with the old ideas, he did not separate himself, as too many did, from the doctrines and dogmas of the Church, nor fail to acknowledge God as the First Cause and Creator of all things. The result of Dr. Kellner's careful historical research and calculation of the probable duration of the malady that terminated in Herod's death, is to enable him to determine definitely the date of that event, namely, December of the year 751 (3 B.C), not a later period, as is erroneously asserted by some writers. A lunar eclipse, recorded by Josephus as having been observed during the night following upon the execution of several leading Pharisees, who had joined in the revolt which took place soon after Herod fell sick, serves as a guide in ascertaining the year of his death. The review of the mystical writings of St. Bonaventure is continued; they are divided into (1) those that contain his teaching concerning the contemplative life, the prayer of quiet, and the soul's union with God; and (2) his *Itinerarium* which treats of the higher degrees of contemplation, and is intended for men versed in theology, and already far

advanced in the spiritual life. Another article is given on the writings of Methodius, Bishop of Olympus, who was renowned as well for his elegant diction as for his keen apprehension and able exposition of the doctrines of our faith.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (892) comments in anything but a cheerful strain on the present state of affairs in France. Nearly a century has now elapsed since the Revolution, which was to have inaugurated the era of liberty, began its work of demolition, and what is the result? The political and social decadence of the nation is undeniable; she has parted with the traditions, monarchical and religious, of the past; amid the peoples around she stands isolated and alone, regarded with suspicion, not unmixed with contempt. Far from enjoying liberty, the Frenchman of to-day is from the cradle to the grave held in leading strings by the Government, the functionaries of which are constantly changed, and are alike greedy of place, enemies of Christianity, indifferent to the welfare and glory of the country. The article on the intellectual life of Italy treats of the period at the commencement of the present century, when the romantic school struck deep root in the southern provinces, though its influence was little felt in the Papal States, since the evil tendencies of it were early detected. Mention is made of two poets, Marchetti and Leopardi, who were the principal luminaries of the classic school at that time. The *Civiltà* resumes the subject of the reform in sacred music, the necessity of which was frequently urged in past times by Popes and Bishops, and which is now encouraged by the present Sovereign Pontiff. The movement dates three centuries back, from the time when operatic airs and even dance music were introduced into the churches, profane melodies superseding the solemn chant and other music in keeping with the dignity and majesty of the services of the Church. The object of sacred music, of which Italy more than any other country has ever been the home, is to enhance the beauty and sublimity of Divine worship, to aid recollection and kindle devotion in the hearts of men. The following number (893) contains some comments on the letter of His Holiness to Cardinal Rampolla, stating it to be a programme of government conceived with consummate sagacity and prudence, a masterpiece of political and Christian wisdom, the utterance of a lofty and just mind desirous of the public welfare and the maintenance of peace and concord. The

series of articles on political economy is continued, the present one being upon the use of money as a means of commerce; and the article on the causes of earthquakes brings forward instances to prove that although earthquakes are caused by aerial disturbances, the effect of the shock is greatly influenced by the condition of the soil, and the presence of subterranean fire or aqueous vapour in the spot where it occurs.

We have just received the *Lyceum*,¹ a new monthly Educational and Literary Magazine, published in Dublin, and edited by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., the able and energetic Rector of Belvedere College. We welcome such a magazine on many grounds. It is a proof of the intellectual activity of Irish Catholics, and of their determination to push to the fore in other than matters political. It is, moreover, large in its tone, as it can well afford to be, sailing as it does under the guidance of the Society of Jesus and receiving the approval of the Hierarchy of Ireland. In its first number it takes Dr. Mivart in hand in true friendly censure, and commences a series of articles on the Royal University of Ireland, that will be read with interest; beside papers on psychology, on the struggle for Catholic education, and a number of well-written reviews, &c. To Irish priests and laymen there is no need to recommend it, but we are glad to introduce it to the clergy and laity of England. It is non-political and very cheap (5s. a year), and every educated man (and priests above all) will read it with pleasure and profit.

¹ *The Lyceum*, a monthly Educational and Literary Magazine and Review. Edited by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J. Office: 6, Great Denmark Street, Dublin.

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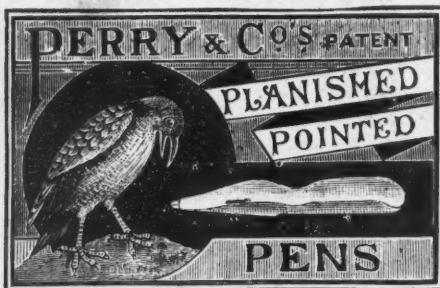
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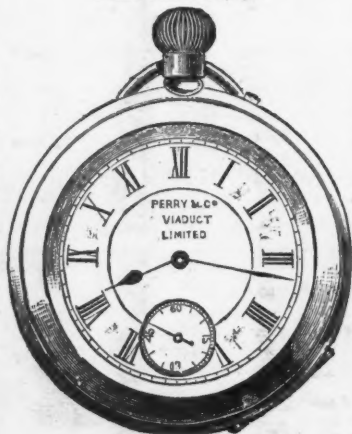
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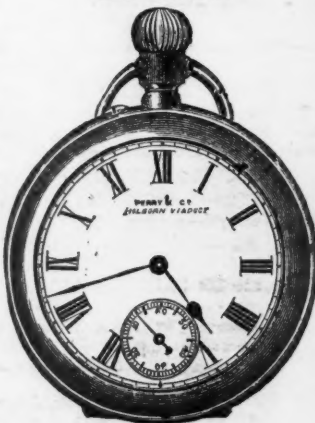
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